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MEDIÆVAL HYMNS

AND

SEQUENCES.

MEDIÆVAL HYMNS

AND

Sequences.

TRANSLATED BY THE LATE

REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

Third Edition,

WITH VERY NUMEROUS ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

"loquendi
Cura de Sanctis vitiosa non est,
Nec rudis unquam."
PRUDENTIUS.

LONDON:
JOSEPH MASTERS, ALDERSGATE STREET,
AND NEW BOND STREET.

MDCCCLXVII.

367

LONDON:
PRINTED BY JOSEPH MASTERS AND SON,
ALDERSGATE STREET.

-/39691

DEDICATED

TO THE

REVEREND THOMAS HELMORE, M.A.,

PRIEST IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN,

PRECENTOR OF S. MARK'S COLLEGE, ETC., ETC.,

AS A MARK OF GRATITUDE

FOR HIS LABOURS IN THE REFORMATION OF

Ecclesiastical Music.

PREFACE.

THE ten years which have elapsed since the first edition of the present little work have done very much for the science of Hymnology. They have witnessed the publication, in Germany, of Mone's three volumes, of Daniel's fourth and fifth, and of Cunz's Geschichte des Deutschen Kirchenliedes: in France, of Gautier's Adam of S. Victor: in England, of my own *Sequentiæ Medii Ævi*, and the yet unfinished series of *Sequentiæ Ineditæ* in the "Ecclesiologist."

During the same period at least sixty different hymnals have issued from the press, the most memorable being the Hymnal Noted, the Sarum Hymnal, Hymns Ancient and Modern, Mr. Chope's Collection, and Sir Roundell Palmer's Book of Praise. Though not a Hymnal, it would be unjust not to *mention* Mr. J. D. Chambers' translation of

press my gratitude for the great favou
has given so many of my translations, (bot
is and other works) in the English Church
nore especially "Jerusalem the Golden,
thee, O dear dear country," "The strai
se," "CHRIST is made the sure founda
' and "The Royal Banners." That they
been a good deal altered in their various
riptions was only to be expected; and I
hat the remarks which I have here and
nade in the following pages on some of
lterations, will not be taken, as I am
ey were not meant, unkindly. In some
es I thankfully acknowledge them to be
ements: in some I think that had the

reproductions that line is altered, I suppose from the editors' either not seeing or not believing that the adjective applies to ourselves, not to the LAMB.

Again, in the same Hymn:—

Crurore ejus roseo

is translated by

And tasting of His roseate Blood.

The epithet is everywhere altered to *crimson*: because the editors did not see its force. The poet would tell us that, though one drop of our LORD'S Blood was sufficient to redeem the world,

(Cujus una stilla salvum facere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere,

as S. Thomas says,) yet out of the greatness of His love to us He would shed all. As every one knows, the last drainings of life-blood are not crimson, but of a far paler hue: strictly speaking, *roseate*. Change the word, and you eliminate the whole idea.

Some of the happiest and most instructive hours of my life were spent in the Sub-Committee of the Ecclesiological Society, appointed for the purpose of bringing out the Second *Part of* the Hymnal Noted. It was my

translations I
t. The study
e beauties of
ıg else could
ɔn of various
le translator
missed. I
ıe reproduc-
n as I had
of our de-
ares to see
ved by the
Venantius
irst and in

ɔect to the
s grieved

the original:—and these are now stretched on the Procrustean bed of the same meaningless melody. That the original music cannot be learnt in an hour or two is most certain: but seeing that I have heard it thoroughly well sung, and most heartily enjoyed, by a school choir, varying in ages from fourteen to five, is it not unworthy of the great choral meetings, as at Ely, Salisbury, Sherborne, and elsewhere, including the words in their programmes, so utterly to spoil them in their performance? Let it be remembered that I have some little right to speak on the subject, having been the first to introduce the Sequence to English readers, and there being, even now, no other translation but my own. I will only add, that I could, and gladly would, procure the opportunity of hearing it sung by the Choir of a London church for any Choir-master who may be desirous of introducing it into his own.

I felt that the best return I could make for the great kindness with which hymns from this little volume and others of mine have been received was to spare no pains in improving them as far as I possibly could. And above all have I endeavoured to do this in Adam of *S. Victor, to* my mind the greatest Latin poet,

... of S. Ambrose to the mo
d inspiration of S. Gregory, the exquisit
ogy of Venantius Fortunatus, the lovel
ing of S. Peter Damiani, the crystal-lik
icity of S. Notker, the scriptural caln
descalcus, the subjective loveliness o
nard, till all culminate in the full blaze
y which surrounds Adam of S. Victor,
atest of all. And though Thomas of
in one unapproachable Sequence dis-
him, and the author, whoever he were,
Verbum Dei Deo natum once equalled
hat are we to think of the genius that
our forth one hundred Sequences, of
ifty at least are unequalled save by the
e?

ay in which he packs his meaning. I
am therefore bound to express my d
atitude to the first Victorine scholar in E
nd, and probably in Europe, the Dean
Vestminster, for his criticisms and alteration
t p. 126 are these lines:

Whom Luke's pen, true ox-horn, showeth
On the Cross whence healing floweth:

Dr. Trench pointed out to me that in the
riginal

Quem exaltat super cruce
Cornu bovis, penna Lucæ,

had omitted the force of the *exaltat* as taken
connection with the *cornu*, and proposed—
ortunately too late for me to insert it in the
;—what I should wish to be read there:

Whom Luke's pen, true ox-horn, lifted
On the Cross with healing gifted.

leed, Adam is worth any pains and any
:—and if any reader thinks it worth
to compare the translations from him in
t and second editions of my book, he will
hink, that they have not been spared.
more observation remains to be made.
ept strictly to the rule of adopting the
asure and rhyme of the original,—at
inconvenience and cramping. The

Gratia Paraclito universa datur,
Qui cum Patre Natoque conglorificatur

re they rhyme, as here, in quatrai
usually rhymed them in couplets.
an Trench has, in his Calderon, some
lent remarks on this subject, to whi
l refer the reader.
d to what is there said, must be ad
rrible loss thereby sustained through
f the original melodies. Many of
n books, for instance, oblige him t
ys them, for example, in the beautiful *J*
memoria, to forego the exquisite Sar
nas melody to which it was sung a
in the old English Church

is from this defect that, popular, and in many respects deservedly popular, as Hymns Ancient and Modern are now, I cannot but believe that, as the science of Hymnology deepens it will either have to reform itself in this particular, or to make way to a rival which shall observe this all-important rule.

I can only repeat, in conclusion, how sorry I should be if anything either in the above preface, or in the notes, gives pain, and that no one can be more thankful than I should be for any criticism of which I may avail myself in (should it be called for) a future edition.

SACKVILLE COLLEGE,
S. Stephen, 1862.

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N.B.—An asterisk means that the piece here translated had never received an English version from a previous writer.

A † that it was not contained in the first edition of the present book.

And ¶ that it has never been printed anywhere ill in this second edition.

MEDIÆVAL HYMNS,

ETC.

Pange lingua gloriosi.

Venantius Fortunatus, whose life extended from 530 to 609, is the connecting link between the poetry of Sedulius and Prudentius, and that of the middle ages. The friend of S. Gregory of Tours and S. Radegund, he long wandered over the South of France, the fashionable poet of his day. The latter half of his life, however, raised him to a higher post, and to a holier character. He died Bishop of Poitiers. The following is in the very first class of Latin Hymns: and is retained, with a few ill-judged retouchings, in the Roman Breviary.

SING, my tongue, the glorious battle,[1]
With completed victory rife:
And above the Cross's trophy
Tell the triumph of the strife:
How the world's Redeemer conquer'd
By surrendering of His Life.

Moved then this Wood, the ruin
Of the ancient wood to quell.

For the work of our Salvation
Needs would have his order so,
And the multiform deceiver's
Art by art would overthrow,
And from thence would bring the mee
Whence the insult of the foe.

Wherefore, when the sacred fulness
Of th' appointed time was come,
This world's Maker left His FATHER
Sent the Heavenly Mansion from,
And proceeded, GOD Incarnate,

s among us dwelling,
inted time fulfill'd,
is, He meets his Passion,
this He freely will'd:
ss the LAMB is lifted,
is life-blood shall be spilled.

the nails, the spitting,
and spear, and reed;
Holy Body broken
d water forth proceed:
stars, and sky, and ocean,
lood from stain are freed.

oss! above all other,
only noble tree!
iage, none in blossom,
fruit thy peers may be:
ood, and sweetest Iron!
Weight is hung on thee.

oughs, O Tree of Glory!
cing sinews bend;
the ancient rigour,
birth bestowed, suspend;
ng of Heavenly Beauty
osom gently tend!

With the sacred Blood anointed
From the smitten LAMB that r

To the TRINITY be glory
Everlasting, as is meet:
Equal to the FATHER, equal
To the SON, and PARACLETE:
Trinal Unity, Whose praises
All created things repeat. Am

[2] A verse is added by some which, though not original, seems ancient:

When, O Judge of this world, coming
In Thy glory all divine,
Thou shalt bid Thy Cross's Trophy
Bright above the stars to shine,
Be the Light and the Salvation
Of the people that are Thine!

[The translation as it stood in the first edition was adopted, with a few improvements, in the *Hymnal Noted*. Those improvements are retained here, as they will be in the like cases through the present volume.]

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

s world-famous hymn, one of the grandest in
easury of the Latin Church, was composed by
natus, on occasion of the reception of certain
by S. Gregory of Tours and S. Radegund, pre-
ly to the consecration of a church at Poitiers.
therefore strictly and primarily a processional
, though very naturally afterwards adapted to
ntide.

E Royal Banners forward go;
e Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
here He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
r sentence bore, our ransom paid.

here deep for us the spear was dy'd,
e's torrent rushing from His side,
wash us in that precious flood

O Tree of Beauty! Tree of Light!
O Tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest!

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung:
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.

[O Cross, our one reliance, hail!
This holy Passiontide, avail
To give fresh merit to the Saint,
And pardon to the penitent.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done;
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore.][2]

---

[1] In the Italic Version the tenth verse of the 96th Psalm is—"Tell it out among the heathen that the LORD reigneth from the Tree." S. Justin Martyr accuses the Jews of corrupting the text; and Tertullian, in *at least* three places, quotes the older reading.

Decked with the fruit of peace and
And glorious with Triumphal lays

Hail, Altar! Hail, O Victim! Thee
Decks now Thy Passion's Victory;
Where Life for sinners death endu
And life by death for man procure

The two last lines are substituted in
Roman Breviary for the concluding ha
verse. The poet had possibly the distic
in his eye.

Vita beata necem miseris averter
Pertulit a miseris Vita beata ne

[This translation was also adopted i
Noted, from whence it was copied into *E*
and Modern, with some alterations w
are not improvements: *e.g.* in ver. 3,
colloquialism of—"Fulfilled is now *wha*

Apparebit repentina magna Dies Domini.

This rugged, but grand Judgment Hymn,[1] is at least as early as the 7th century, because quoted by V. Bede. It manifestly contains the germ of the *Dies Iræ*, to which, however inferior in lyric fervour and effect, it scarcely yields in devotion and simple realisation of its subject. In the original it is acrostic.

THAT great Day of wrath and terror,
That last Day of woe and doom,
Like a thief that comes at midnight,
On the sons of men shall come;
When the pride and pomp of ages
All shall utterly have pass'd,
And they stand in anguish, owning
That the end is here at last;
And the trumpet's pealing clangour,
Through the earth's four quarters spread,
Waxing loud and ever louder,
Shall convoke the quick and dead:
And the King of heavenly glory
Shall assume His throne on high,

... from heaven,
Whelm'd beneath destruction's flood.
Flame and fire, and desolation
At the Judge's feet shall go:
Earth and sea, and all abysses
Shall His mighty sentence know.
Then the elect upon the right hand
Of the LORD shall stand around;
But, like goats, the evil doers
Shall upon the left be found:
"Come, ye Blessed, take the kingdom,"
Shall be there the King's award,
"Which for you, before the world was,
Of My FATHER was prepared:
I was naked, and ye clothed Me;
Poor, and ye relieved Me; ...

Giving bread and home, and raiment,
What ye did was done to Me."
In like manner to the left hand
That most righteous Judge shall say,
"Go, ye cursed, to Gehenna,
And the fire that is for aye:
For in prison ye came not nigh Me,—
Poor, ye pitied not My lot;
Naked, ye have never clothed Me;
Sick, ye visited Me not."—
They shall say: "O CHRIST, when saw we
That Thou calledst for our aid,
And in prison, or sick, or hungry,
To relieve have we delayed?"
Whom again the Judge shall answer:
"Since ye never cast your eyes
On the sick, and poor, and needy,
It was Me ye did despise."
Backward, backward, at the sentence,
To Gehenna they shall fly,
Where the flame is never-ending,
Where the worm can never die;
Where are Satan and his angels
In profoundest dungeon bound;
Where are chains and lamentation,
Where are quenchless flames around.
But the righteous, upward soaring,
To the heavenly Land shall go,

To Jerusalem,
They with shouts shall enter in;
That true "sight of peace" and glory
That sets free from grief and sin.
CHRIST shall they behold for ever,
Seated at the FATHER'S hand,
As in Beatific Vision
His elect before Him stand.

Wherefore, man, while yet thou mayes
From the dragon's malice fly;
Give thy bread to feed the hungry,
If thou seek'st to win the sky;
Let thy loins be straitly girded,
Life be pure, and heart be right;
At the coming of the Bridegroom,
[illegible] may glitter bright.

Sancti, venite, Corpus Christi sumite.

Rugged and unpoetical as this hymn is, it has a certain pious simplicity about it which renders it well worthy of preservation. It is an early example of a metrical composition, sung during the communion of the people. The *Communio* of the Latin, like the *Koinonicon* of the Eastern, Church, never now appears but as prose.—The present hymn seems not later than the seventh century.

DRAW nigh, and take the Body of the LORD,
And drink the Holy Blood for you outpoured.

Saved by that Body, hallowed by that Blood,
Whereby refreshed, we render thanks to GOD.

Salvation's Giver, CHRIST the Only SON,
By that His Cross and Blood the victory won.

Offered was He for greatest and for least:
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

ɜ, Ransomer from death, —
shade,
iveth His holy grace His Saints to aid.

ıpproach ye then with faithful hearts sincer
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

He That in this world rules His Saints, a
shields,
To all believers Life Eternal yields:

With Heavenly Bread makes them that hu
whole;
Gives Living Waters to the thirsty soul.

[illegible] Omega, to Whom shall bow

Hymnum canentes Martyrum.

A Hymn for the Holy Innocents, the composition f Venerable Bede. Although it stands in unfavourble contrast with the *Salvete flores Martyrum* of rudentius, it is somewhat strange that no part of it hould have been introduced into any English Breiary. It will be observed that the first and last line f every verse are identical. This somewhat frigid onceit, (*Epanalepsis*, as the grammarians call it,) V. lede seems to have borrowed from the Elegy of Seulius, which is composed on a similar plan. Other nediæval writers, however, as Peter Damiani, Eugedius of Toledo, Theodulph of Orleans, have employed t.—I have omitted some of the stanzas.

THE Hymn for conquering Martyrs raise:
The Victor Innocents we praise:
Whom in their woe earth cast away,
But heaven with joy received to-day.
Whose Angels see the FATHER'S Face
World without end, and hymn His Grace:
And while they chant unceasing lays,
The Hymn for conquering Martyrs raise.

By that accursed monarch slain,
Their *loving* Maker bade them reign:

[illegible] their loss for
By that accursed Monarch slain.

A voice from Ramah was there sent,
A voice of weeping and lament:
When Rachel mourned the children's c
Whom for the tyrant's sword she bare.
Triumphal is their glory now
Whom earthly torments could not bow:
What time, both far and near that went,
A voice from Ramah was there sent.

Fear not, O little flock and blest,
The lion that your life oppressed!
To heavenly pastures ever new
The heavenly Shepherd [illegible]

Death hath no power to hurt you more,
Whose own is Life's eternal store,—
Who sow their seed, and, sowing, weep,[1]
In everlasting joy shall reap:
What time they shine in heavenly day,
And every tear is wiped away.

O City blest o'er all the earth,
Who gloriest in the SAVIOUR'S birth!
Whose are His earliest Martyrs dear,
By kindred and by triumph here.
None from henceforth may call thee small;—
Of rival towns thou passest all;
In whom our Monarch had His Birth,—
O City blest o'er all the earth!

---

[1] V. Bede is very fond of a practice not usual in the Hymns we are considering:—the introducing the words of Scripture as a part of his own composition:—and the additions he makes to them are sometimes very beautiful. Here, for example: "Qui seminant in lacrymis, *Longo* metent in gaudio.' Again, in a fine hymn on the Ascension:

Mirata adhuc cœlestium
Rogavit aula Civium:
Quis (inquit) est Rex gloriæ,
Rex iste tam laudabilis?

Bound in each, binds both in o

In *Hymns Ancient and Modern* it is v
altered: and some of the changes car
thought improvements, e.g., "Thither f
do soar." It is curious to observe how b
the other soften the second line of the se
the *Sarum* has:

Grace and glory round her she

Hymns Ancient and Modern, (much bette

Bridal glory round her shed.

The second part of the translation,
made the sure Foundation," has been
dedication hymn with so much general
it would be unthankful not to mention th

Gloria, laus, et honor.

This processional Hymn for Palm Sunday is said to have been composed by S. Theodulph at Metz, or as others will have it, at Angers, while imprisoned on a false accusation: and to have been sung by him from his dungeon window, or by choristers instructed by him, as the Emperor Louis and his Court were on their way to the Cathedral. The good Bishop was immediately liberated. In the original composition there were ten stanzas besides the Chorus. The Roman Missal retains only the first five. Others add, as I have here added, the sixth and the tenth. The remaining three are utterly unworthy of the general beauty of the Hymn.—I have to acknowledge the assistance of a friend in the translation.

GLORY, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King
CHRIST the Redeemer!
Children before Whose steps raised their
Hosannas of praise.
Glory, and honour, &c.

Glory to Thee in the highest the he
mies are singing:
Glory to Thee upon earth man an
reply.
Glory, and honour, &c.

Met Thee with Palms in their hands
the folk of the Hebrews:
We with our prayers and our hy
to Thy presence approach.
Glory, and honour, &c.

They to Thee proffered their prais
herald Thy dolorous Passion;
We to the King on His Throne

They in their pride of descent were rightly the children of Hebrews:
Hebrews[1] are we, whom the LORD'S Passover maketh the same.
Glory, and honour, &c.

Victory won o'er the world be to us for our branches of Palm tree:
So in the Conqueror's joy this to Thee still be our song:
Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King CHRIST the Redeemer,
Children before Whose steps raised their Hosannas of Praise.

---

[1] This is partly a reference to CHRIST, our True Passover:—partly to Hebrew, as derived from Heber, interpreted by passage.

I add another translation, which I made for the *Hymnal Noted.*

Glory, and laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring!

Thou art the King of Israel;
Thou David's Royal Son;
Who in the LORD'S Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

Royal Palms before Thee went;
Our praise, and prayer, and anthem
Before Thee we present.

In hast'ning to Thy Passion,
They rais'd their hymns of praise;
In reigning 'midst Thy glory,
Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

This last is adopted in the *Sarum Hymnal* alterations; (among which such as in ver Blessed King we own," and in ver. 3, "On make reply.") And in *Hymns Ancient and* with one change only, and that an impro (l. 1,) "All glory, laud, and honour."

Tibi, Christe, Splendor Patris.

A Hymn of S. Hrabanus Maurus, Archbishop of Mayence; born in 777, and deceased in 856. It was so completely altered in the *Te Splendor et Virtus Patris* of the modern Roman Breviary, that scarcely a trace of the original remains. The *Christe qui sedes Olympo* of Santolius Victorinus in the Parisian Breviary imitates, without equalling, the present hymn. This is one of the few that have no rhyme.

THEE, O CHRIST, the FATHER'S Splendour,
Life and virtue of the heart,
In the presence of the Angels
Sing we now with tuneful art:
Meetly in alternate chorus
Bearing our responsive part.

Thus we praise with veneration
All the armies of the sky:
Chiefly him, the warrior Primate
Of celestial chivalry:
Michael, who in princely virtue
Cast *Abaddon* from on high.

...us of Thine only goodness
In Thy Paradise a place.

Laud and honour to the FATHER;
Laud and honour to the SON;
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT;
Ever Three, and ever One:
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen

[Adopted in the *Hymnal Noted.*]

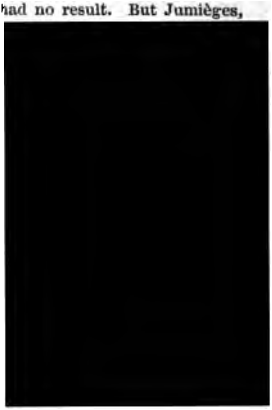
Sancti Spiritus adsit nobis gratia.

We now come to the age of Notkerian Sequences; about which a few words must be said.

It is well known that the origin of sequences themselves is to be looked for in the *Alleluia* of the Gradual, sung between the Epistle and Gospel. During this melody it was necessary that the deacon should have time to ascend from his place at the altar to the rood-loft, that he might thence sing the Gospel. Hence the prolongation of the last syllable in the Alleluia of the Gradual, in thirty, forty, fifty, or even a hundred notes; the *neuma* of which ritualistic writers speak so much. True, there was no sense in this last syllable and its lengthening out, but the mystical interpreters had their explanation: 'the way in which we praise God in our Country is yet unknown.'

And good people were content for some three hundred years with this service; and, as it has been very truly observed, the attempt itself, if one may use the expression, to explain the sound into sense, manifests a little of the rationalism with which the Eastern has always taunted the Western Church. But, towards the beginning of the eleventh century, there was a certain *Swiss* monk, by name Notker. The defects

rson were well known in the
ded; and a slight lisp in his
surname of *Balbulus*. He had
i in that marvellous monastery
h of which was the pattern of
till it was eclipsed by a church,
hich now reads like a most
y. While watching the sam-
he precipitous cliffs that sur-
ker had composed the world-
midst of life we are in death.'
ining the best education which
ord, he afterwards betook him-
of Jumièges, and there formed
many of its monks. With one
seems, a friendly discussion,
able *ia* of the Alleluia might
religious sense; a discussion
had no result. But Jumièges,



now call the *Cantoris* side. Yso looked kindly on the composition, but said that he must refer it to Marcellus, the precentor on the *Decani* side. These two sang the sequence over together, and observed that sometimes two notes went to one syllable in a slur, sometimes three or four syllables went to one note in a kind of recitative. Yso thereupon was charged with the message that the verses would not answer their purpose. Notker, not much discouraged, revised his composition; and now, instead of (for the first line) *Laudes Deo concinat orbis universus*, he substituted, *Laudes Deo concinat orbis ubique totus:* instead of the second line, *Coluber Adæ deceptor*, he now wrote, *Coluber Adæ male-suasor:* which as he himself tells us, when the good-natured Yso had sung over to himself, he gave thanks to GOD, he commended the new composition to the brethren of the monastery, and more especially to Othmar, Yso's brother by blood. Such then was the origin of sequences, at first called Proses, because written rather in rhythmical prose than with any attention to metre.

It is impossible in this place to enter into the extremely elaborate rules of the Notkerians; they may be seen in my *Epistola de Sequentiis*, prefixed to the fifth volume of my friend Dr. Daniel's THESAURUS HYMNOLOGICUS.

S. Notker died about 912. The following sequence, of his composition, was in use all over Europe: even in those countries, (like Italy and Spain,) which usually rejected sequences. In the Missal of Palencia the Priest is ordered to hold a white dove in his hands, while intoning the first syllables, and then to let it go.

4. merciful SPIRIT, Illuminator of me
5. Purge the fearful shades of our min
6. O holy Lover of thoughts that are ev
7. Of Thy mercy pour forth Thine An
into our senses.
8. Thou purifier of all iniquities, O Spi
9. Purify the eye of our inner man,
10. To the end that the FATHER of all
may be seen by us,
11. He, Whom the eyes of none save th
in heart can behold.
12. Thou didst inspire the Prophets to
aforehand their glorious heraldi
CHRIST.
13. Thou didst confirm the Apostles a

16. Thou dost give virtue to the waters to quicken souls;
17. Thou, by Thine Inspiration, grantest to men to be spiritual.
18. Thou didst unite the world, divided both in tongues and rites, O LORD!
19. Thou recallest idolaters to the worship of GOD, best of Masters!
20. Wherefore of Thy mercy hear us who call upon Thee, HOLY GHOST:
21. Without Whom, as the faith teaches, all our prayers are in vain, and unworthy of the ears of GOD.
22. Thou, O SPIRIT, Who by embracing the Saints of all ages, dost teach them by the impulse of Thy Divinity;
23. Thyself, by bestowing on the Apostles of CHRIST a gift immortal, and unheard of from all ages,
24. Hast made this day glorious.

Laus Tibi, Christe.

Next to S. Notker himself, the most fa
of the Proses named from him, was Go
to be carefully distinguished from his pre
namesake. The following sequence for S.
dalene is his composition; and has an
notice in the Lives of the Brothers of th
Life, by Thomas à Kempis. It occurs in tha
ten Boeche.

"It fell out also that Master Lubert was a
the same plague. And, behold, in the mont
three days before the feast of the blessed M
dalene, he fell ill, and took to his bed, and
he was not long for this world. We, on
hand, laboured with many prayers, and sou
dies from God, and

asked that the sequence 'Laus Tibi, Christe,' might be sung in his room.

"When it had been sung, he said, 'What devout words are these!' And he repeated to himself this verse, ruminating upon it,—'What, sick one, could she have possessed, if she had not received it, if the Physician had not been present.'"

1. PRAISE be to Thee, O CHRIST, the CREATOR, the REDEEMER, and the SAVIOUR
2. Of the heaven, the earth, the sea, angels, and men.
3. Whom alone we confess to be GOD and Man.
4. Who didst come that Thou mightest save sinners,
5. Without sin assuming the likeness of sin.
6. From the number of which sinners as Thou didst visit the Canaanitish woman, as also Mary Magdalene,
7. At the same table of the Divine Word, Thou didst refresh the one with crumbs, the other with drink,
8. In the house of Simon the leper, sitting down at the Typical Feast.
9. The Pharisee murmurs, where the woman, conscious of her sin, laments.
10. The *sinner* despiseth his fellow-sinner:

with her hair: by washing, by ointment, she anointeth th kisses she encircleth them.

12. These are the banquets which pleasing to Thee, O Wisdo FATHER!

13. O Thou born of a Virgin, Who not to be touched by a woma a sinner!

14. Thou wast invited by the Phari wast banqueted by Mary.

15. Much Thou forgivest to her t much, and repeated not her s to come.

16. From seven devils Thou cleanse

19. Whom at the feast of the law and grace, the pride of the Pharisees contemns, the leprosy of heresy vexes.
20. What she is Thou knowest; she toucheth Thee because she is a sinner, because she is a desirer of pardon.
21. What, sick one, could she have possessed, if she had not received it, if the Physician had not been present?
22. King of kings, rich unto all, save us; Thou that wipest away all the crimes of sinners, Thou that art the hope and glory of Saints.

Cœli enarrant.

Also by Godescalcus. Written for th the Division of the Apostles (July 15.)

1. The Heavens declare the glory of God, the Incarnate W Heavens from earth.
2. For this glory befitteth that Lor
3. Whose Name is the Angel of Counsel.
4. This Counsel, the assistance of f is ancient, and profound, and known to the Saints alone,
5. When this Angel, made Man of

Peace be unto you, saith He; I am He; fear not; preach the word of CHRIST to every creature, before kings and princes.

As the FATHER hath sent Me, even so send I you into the world; be ye therefore prudent as serpents, be ye harmless as doves.

Hence Peter, Prince of Apostles, visited Rome; Paul, Greece, preaching grace everywhere: hence these twelve chiefs in the four quarters of the world, preached as Evangelists the Threefold and the One.

Andrew, either James, Philip, Bartholomew, Simon, Thaddeus, John, Thomas, and Matthew, twelve Judges, not divided from unity, but for unity, collected into one those that were divided through the earth:

Their sound is gone out into all lands,

And their words into the ends of the world.

How beautiful are the feet of them that proclaim good tidings—that preach peace;

That speak thus to them that are redeemed by the Blood of CHRIST: Sion, thy GOD shall reign;

in heaven.

18. These are the Heavens whi
Thou inhabitest; in who
thunderest; in whose dee
enest; in whose grace Th
dew:

19. To these Thou hast said: :
ye heavens, from above
clouds rain the Just One
be opened and bud.

20. Raise up a Righteous Bran
causest our earth to brin
it with the seed of Ap
through whose words g
that we, holding the Wo

22. By whose Division mayest Thou preserve Thy flock, collected and undivided, and in the bond of peace; that in Thee we may be one, as with the FATHER Thou art One.

23. Have mercy on us, Thou that dwellest in the heavens.

THE ALLELUIATIC SEQUENC

We shall have another occasion to speak "Deposition of Alleluia" at Septuagesima, for this famous Sequence was written by Godescal

It was first translated by me for the *Hymnal* —copied thence into the *Sarum Hymnal*, *Hym cient and Modern*, and *Chope's Hymns*,—and, ably inferior as it is to the original, seems thus t obtained great popularity. But, most unhappily hymnals ignored the glorious melody, contemp ous with the Sequence. There, for the first tim the words were written, they were, in the accor ing melodies, cramped, tortured, tamed down chant, the very kind of music for which the o sense and the English words are least adapted because Mr. Troyte was the author of a chant wh

small ones joining in for the greater part, with the whole of their little energy.

I must confess that it does seem to me unseemly in a great gathering of choirs, such as those at Lichfield and Salisbury, to shrink from a difficulty which can be mastered by an ordinary village choir. The words, mangled by a chant, lose three-fourths of their meaning: the music being so extremely—if I may use the expression—*picturesque*, and the translation having been made expresely and rigidly with reference to it.

1. THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia.
2. To the glory of their King
   Shall the ransom'd people sing Alleluia.
3. And the Choirs that dwell on high
   Shall re-echo through the sky Alleluia.
4. They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
   The blessed ones, repeat through that bright home Alleluia.
5. The planets glitt'ring on their heavenly way,
   The shining constellations, join, and say Alleluia.
6. Ye clouds that onward sweep!
   Ye winds on pinions light!
   Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep!
   Ye lightnings, wildly bright!
   In sweet consent unite your Alleluia.

And glorious forests, sing

8. First let the birds, with painted gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise,

9. Then let the beasts of earth with strain,
Join in Creation's Hymn, and cry

10. Here let the mountains thund sonorous,
There, let the valleys sing in gentl

11. Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry
Ye tracts of earth and continent

14. Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking, Alleluia.
And children's voices echo, answer making, Alleluia.

15. Now from all men be outpour'd
Alleluia to the LORD;
With Alleluia evermore
The SON and SPIRIT we adore.

16. Praise be done to the Three in One.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Lauda, Mater Ecclesia.

This Hymn, for S. Mary Magdalene's da
composition of S. Odo of Cluny, one of the
lights of that great Monastery. It found it
the York Breviary. The variation of rhy
in the original.

EXALT, O mother Church, to-day
The clemency of CHRIST thy LORD
By seven-fold grace Who wipes aw
The guilt of seven-fold crimes abh

Sister of Lazarus that was dead,
She, that in such transgressions fe

With heart dissolved in penitence,
And tears that flowed apace, she came,
And piety of deed;—and thence
She found the cure of sin and shame.

Pardon of guilt hath made her soul
A golden for an earthen bowl:
And for a vessel of disgrace
A precious vessel finds its place.

To CHRIST, arisen from the dead,
And Death's great Conqueror, as she pressed,
His earliest sight she merited
Who loved Him more than all the rest.

To GOD alone be honour paid
For grace so manifold displayed:
Their guilt He pardons who repent,
And gives reward for punishment. Amen.

[Adapted in one or two recent Hymn Books: also in the complete edition of *Day Hours of the Church of England.*]

Chorus Novæ Jerusalem.

This Paschal Hymn, the composition of S. Fulbe of Chartres, is not common in continental Breviarie but was adopted in our own: where it occurs in tl First Vespers of Low Sunday.

Ye Choirs of New Jerusalem!
To sweet new strains attune your theme;
The while we keep, from care releas'd,
With sober joy our Paschal Feast:

When Christ, Who spake the Dragon's doom
Rose, Victor-Lion, from the Tomb:

ht gloriously He triumphs now,
rthy to Whom should all things bow;
l, joining heaven and earth again,
ks in one commonweal the twain.

l we, as these His deeds we sing,
suppliant soldiers, pray our King,
t in His Palace, bright and vast,
may keep watch and ward at last.

g as unending ages run,
God the Father laud be done;
God the Son our equal praise,
l God the Holy Ghost, we raise.
Amen.

This alluded to the mediæval belief, to which we again have occasion to refer, that the lion's ps are born dead;—but that their father, by roar- ver them on the third day, raises them to life.

Audi nos, Rex Christe.

A song of Pilgrims, published by M. du Méril
a MS. of the eleventh century.

O CHRIST, our King, give ear!
O LORD and Maker, hear!
And guide our footsteps lest they str

Chorus.

Have mercy on us, LORD:
Have mercy on us, LORD,
And guide our footsteps lest they str

Defend our onward path:
Protect from hostile wrath,
And to our land return our feet!

Thy Right Hand be stretched out,
Thy Left be round about,
In every peril that we meet!

And, O good LORD, at last,
Our many wanderings past,
Give us to see Thy realm of Light!

Glory to GOD on high
Be paid eternally,
And laud and majesty and might!
Amen.

Grabi me terrore pulsas, bitæ bi ultima.

This awful hymn, the *Dies iræ* of individual vas written by S. Peter Damiani, Cardinal Bish)stia, the great coadjutor of S. Gregory VII. i eform of the Church. He lived from 1002 to nd spent the last years of his life in devotion stirement at his Abbey of S. Croce d'Avellano, ha signed his Cardinalate. His realization of the f death is shown, not only by this hymn, but b ommendatory Prayer, used from his time in oman Church, which begins, "To GOD I comm ee, beloved brother; and to Him Whose crea ou art I commit thee:" originally composed

Who the spectacle can image,—
  How tremendous!—of that day
When the course of life accomplished,
  From the trammels of her clay
Writhes the soul to be delivered,
  Agonised to pass away!

Sense hath perished, tongue is rigid,
  Eyes are filming o'er in death,
Palpitates the breast, and hoarsely
  Gasps the rattling throat for breath:
Limbs are torpid, lips are pallid,
  Breaking nature quivereth.

All come round him!—cogitation,
  Habit, word, and deed are there!
All, though much and sore he struggle,
  Hover o'er him in the air:
Turn he this way, turn he that way,
  On his inmost soul they glare.

Conscience self her culprit tortures,
  Gnawing him with pangs unknown:
For that now amendment's season
  Is for ever past and gone,
And that late repentance findeth
  Pardon none for all its moan.

'o life's reward direct our way:
Vho of old time upon the Tree
'ur Ransom didst vouchsafe to be.

he Unbegotten FATHER'S Praise,
nd the begotten SON'S we raise,
1d equal laud and glory be,
IRIT of Both, for aye to Thee!

Amen.

ıe poet has in his eye the stanza of Fortunatus,
w used, which was given in the note on p. 8.

Cives Cœlestis Patriæ.

ıe ruggedness of the translation is merely a copy ıat of the original in the following poem of Mar- ıs, successively Archdeacon of Angers and Bishop ennes, who died in 1125. Its title,—a Prose, ly proves it to have been intended, if not used, sequence in the Mass of some high festival, pro- r a dedication. The mystical explanation of ious stones is the subject of the good Bishop's ı *de Gemmis*, which seems, in its time, to have ıed a high reputation. The Prose which I here is certainly not without its beauty; and is a good o mediæval allusions of a similar kind.

E of the heavenly country, sing
he praise and honour of your King,
ıe raiser to its glorious height
f that celestial City bright,
whose fair building stand displayed
ıe gems for twelve foundations laid.

with Satan's wile and Satan's might.

The azure light of SAPPHIRE[2] stone
Resembles that Celestial Throne:
A symbol of each simple heart
That grasps in hope the better part:
Whose life each holy deed combines,
And in the light of virtue shines.

Like fire, though pale in outward show,
CHALCEDONY[3] at length shall glow;
Carried abroad, its radiance streams:
At home, in shade it hides its gleams:
It marks their holiness and grace
Who do good deeds in secret place

SARDONYX,[5] with its threefold hue,
Sets forth the inner man to view;
Where dark humility is seen,
And chastity with snow-white sheen,
And scarlet marks his joy to bleed
In Martyrdom, if faith shall need.

The SARDIUS,[6] with its purple red
Sets forth their merits who *have* bled:
The Martyr band, now blest above,
That agonised for JESU'S Love:
The sixth foundation, not in vain,
The Cross's Mystery to explain.[7]

The golden coloured CHRYSOLITE[8]
Flashes forth sparkles on the night:
Its mystic hues the life reflect
Of men with perfect wisdom decked,
Who shine, in this dark world, like gold,
Through that Blest SPIRIT Sevenfold.

The sunshine on the sea displays
The watery BERYL'S[9] fainter rays:
Of those in this world's wisdom wise
The thoughts and hopes it signifies:
Who long to live more fully blest
With mystic peace of endless rest.

Beyond all gems the TOPAZ[10] rare
Hath value therefore past compare;
It shines, albeit of colour grey,
Clear as a fair ethereal ray:
And notes the part of them that live
The solid life contemplative.

Some Council, decked in purple state
The CHRYSOPRASE[11] doth imitate:
In the fair tint its face that decks
'Tis intertinged with golden specks:
This is the perfect love, that knows
Kindest return to sternest foes.

The azure JACINTH[12] comes between

These stones, arrayed in goodly row
Set forth the deeds of men below:
The various tints that there have place
The multiplicity of grace.
Who in himself such grace displays
May shine with these in endless rays.

Jerusalem, dear peaceful land!
These for thy twelve foundations stand;
Blessed and nigh to GOD is he
Who shall be counted worthy thee!
That guardian slumbereth not, nor sleeps,
Who in his charge thy turrets keeps.

King of the Heavenly City blest!
Grant that Thy servants may have rest,
This changeful life for ever past,
And consort with Thy Saints at last;
That we, with all the choir above,
May sing Thy power and praise Thy Love!
Amen.

---

[1] The twelve foundation stones of the Apocalypse gave rise, as might be expected, to an infinite variety of mystical interpretations. Marbodus wrote a short commentary on the Prose that we are considering.

t foundation of the Church of God, and is c
en colour. Whoever hath it upon him, no ph
n can hurt him. It signifies those who alw
d the faith of God, and never depart from it,—
her,—but are always flourishing therein, and f
the assaults of the devil." Allegorically, the J
, the first foundation-stone, which promotes fec
and causes unity, symbolizes the first Article
Creed, "*I believe in God the Father Almigh*
ter of heaven and earth."

"The Sapphire," says Marbodus, "is of the colo
he sky. It signifies them that, while they be y
earth, set their affections on things above, a
ise things terrestrial: according to that sayin
conversation is in Heaven." The reason why,
Prose, it is compared to the Throne of God,
ly that verse in Exodus: "*They saw the God*

rubbing with the finger, it attracts straws. By this they are signified who do their good deeds in secret, as fasting, alms, and the like: according to that saying, *But thou, when thou fastest, &c.* But when such men are compelled to go abroad into the world, then their good works shine before men. But if any seek to flatter them, which is as it were to paint or engrave them, they receive not their vain praises, but manfully resist, and acquiesce not in them. And when heated, either by the Sun, which is CHRIST, or by the fingers, that is by the gifts of the HOLY GHOST, they by word and example, draw straws, that is, sinners, to themselves: and cause them to persevere in good works." "The Chalcedony," says Ayguan, "which is pale, sets forth humility; and so the third Article of the Creed: *Who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary.*"

[4] "The emerald," is the comment of Marbodus, "is exceeding green, surpassing all gems and herbs in greenness. It is found only in a dry and uninhabitable country. Through the bitterness of its cold, nothing can dwell there but griffins, and one-eyed arimasps that fight with them. By the emerald we understand those who excel others in the vigour of their faith, and dwell among infidels, who be frigid and arid in love. The griffins, that keep watch over them, be devils, who envy them that have this precious gem of faith; and do their diligence to deprive them thereof. Against these fight the one-eyed arimasps, that is, those who go not two ways, nor have a double heart: nor serve two Lords." Ayguan *again:* "The Emerald which heals, gives eloquence,

...ption of two of the most beautiful lin
itten by Prudentius.

Has inter species smaragdina gramine verni
Prata virent, volvitque vagos lux herbida fl

"The Sardonyx," says Marbodus, "hat
ours: the lowest black, the middle white,
st red. And it signifies those who sustain
art for the name of CHRIST: and are white,
hout guile, within: and yet to themselves
temptible, and as it were black,—that is, sin
guan, after the same description, proceeds:
er part, which is black, typifies the sorrow o
lay;—the middle part, which is white, the
ter Eve;—and the upmost, which is red, th
Easter day." Thus the whole symbolises th
icle (as he reckons it) of the Creed: *Was cr*
d, and buried. He descended into ...

7 Because the number six is symbolical of our LORD'S Passion: since He was crucified at the sixth hour of the sixth day.

8 "The Chrysolite," Marbodus teaches, "shines as gold, and emits fiery sparkles: it signifies the wise and charitable, who impart to others that which they possess themselves. For wisdom and charity excel other virtues, as gold other metals." Ayguan is more ingenious: "The Chrysolite shines as gold in the day: as fire in the night. By the *day*, the good; by the *gold*, their crown, are represented: by the *night* the wicked, and by the *fire* their punishment. Hence the stone typifies their final separation, and thus the seventh Article of the Creed: *From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*"

9 "The Beryl," according to our author, "shines as water that reflects the sun, and warms the hand that holds it. It signifies those who are frail by nature: but, being enlightened by the Sun of Righteousness, shine with good works, and warm others by the example of their love." Ayguan says: "The Beryl, whose virtue is to cause love, to bestow power, and confer healing, sets forth the eighth Article: *I believe in the* HOLY GHOST."

10 "The Topaz," says Marbodus, whose commentary in this case does not well agree with his text, "is rare, and therefore precious. It has two colours: one like gold, the other clearer. In clearness it surpasses all gems; and nothing is more beautiful. It signifies those who love GOD and their neighbour." According to Ayguan, the Topaz, which receives as in a

arity." According to Ayguan, this stone (*a*) sh
e fire: and (*b*) communicates its virtues witl
ninishing them: and thus typifies (*a*) *The Com*
n of Saints: (*b*) *The Forgiveness of Sins.*

"The Jacinth," says Marbodus, "changes
pearance with that of the sky. It therefore re
its those who, like the Apostle, can preach wisc
ong them that are perfect, and yet have milk
es in CHRIST. Thus," he observes, "S. Paul
acinth: for he became all things to all men."
n teaches that the Jacinth has the virtue of ir
ating; and therefore is a type of *the Resurrect*
he Body.

The Amethyst, according to Marbodus, is entir
and shoots out rosy flames. Its colour signi
hly suffering; its emissions prayers for those tl

ct, with one or two corrections for the sake of the ıythm :—

Ici sunt nomme les duze pieres,
Ki sunt tenues les plus cheres,
Jaspe, Saphir, Calcedoine,
Smaragde, Sarde, e Sardoine,
Chrisolit, Beril, e Topase,
Ametiste, Jacint, e Chrysopras :
De saintes âmes portent figure,
Ki Deu servent sen poûre.
Ki Deu voudra servir,
Cum des pieres cintes clairzur,
En la Cité Deu sera posé,
E el fundamente bien alloé,
En vision de paz reposera.
En laquel sen fin joïr pourra.

Hora Novissima.

In the xii. century, the Abbey of Cluny, t
elebrated head, Peter the Venerable,—(he h
ignity from 1122 to 1156,)—was at the very h
ionastic reputation. Its glorious church,
agnificent in France, the fulness and exa
s ritual, and the multitude of its brethren,
) a pitch of fame which, perhaps, no oth
ver attained.

At that time, one of its children was Berna
t Morlaix, in Bretagne; but of English pare
ccupied a portion of his leisure by the com
f a poem, *De Contemptu Mundi*, in about thr
and lines. The greater part is a bitter satir
arful corruptions of the age.

But, as a contrast to the misery and poll

prudent omissions," would scarcely give a fair idea of the liberties which have in reality been taken with it.

From that cento I translated the larger part, in the first edition of the present book, following the arrangement of Dean Trench, not of Bernard. The great popularity which my translation, however inferior to the original, attained, is evinced by the very numerous hymns compiled from it, which have found their way into modern collections; so that, in some shape or other, the Cluniac's verses have become, as it were, naturalized among us. This led me to think that a fuller extract from the Latin, and a further translation into English, might not be unacceptable to the lovers of sacred poetry.

It was published separately, and, by the kind leave of the publisher, is now reprinted here.

I have here deviated from my ordinary rule of adopting the measure of the original:—because our language, if it could be tortured to any distant resemblance of its rhythm, would utterly fail to give any idea of the majestic sweetness which invests it in Latin. Its difficulty in that language is such that Bernard, in a preface, expresses his belief that nothing but the special inspiration of the SPIRIT of GOD could have enabled him to employ it through so long a poem. It is a dactylic hexameter, divided into three parts, between which a cæsura is inadmissible. The hexameter has a tailed rhyme, and feminine leonine rhyme between the two first clauses, thus:

Tunc nova gl*oria* ‖ pectora sob*ria* ‖ clarificabit:
Solvit enig*mata* ‖ veraque sab*bata* ‖ continuabit.
Patria lum*inis*, ‖ inscia turb*inis*, ‖ inscia litis
Cive reple*bitur*, ‖amplifica*bitur* ‖ Israelitis.

...ready been possible to read any newspaper w
...es prominence to ecclesiastical news, without
...; its employment chronicled at some dedicatio
...er festival. It is also a great favourite with
...ters, and has obtained admission in Roman
...olic services. "And I say this," to quote Berns
...n preface, "in no wise arrogantly, but with all
...lity, and therefore boldly." But more thankful
... I that the Cluniac's verses should have soo
... dying hours of many of GOD'S servants: the n
...iking instance of which I know is related in
...moir published by Mr. Brownlow under the t
...*ittle child shall lead them*; where he says that
...ld of whom he writes, when suffering agonies wl
... medical attendants declared to be almost unps
...d, would lie without a murmur or motion w
... whole 400 lines were read to him.

...may add that of the various alterations, which
...erent hymnals these verses have received, thos

THE world is very evil;[1]
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge That comes in mercy,
The Judge That comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the GOD, shall doom.
Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The Kingdom to the FATHER
Whose own it was before,—
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.

Of tempest nor of night,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite:
The Home of fadeless splendour
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as child
Who here as exiles mourn.
Midst power that knows no limi
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around:
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.

The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth:
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.
There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn:
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest:
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight:
Till JESUS gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satiate,
The full, yet craving still.

[illegible] from sin;
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in:
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great;
So glorious in its fulness,
Yet so inviolate:
And perfect from unperfected,
And fall'n from them that star
And the sheep-flock from the goa
Shall part on either hand:
And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall triumph then;
The new peculiar nation,
Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem [illegible]

The sacred ransomed number
  Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watchword
  Of JESUS Nazarene:
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
  Where soul-like odours play,
Draw out the endless leisure
  Of that long vernal day:
And through the sacred lilies,
  And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
  Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
  Their mouths are tun'd to praise,
What time, now safe for ever,
  On former sins they gaze:
The fouler was the error,
  The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
  Of Him Who pardoned all.
Their one and only anthem,
  The fulness of His love,
Who gives, instead of torment,
  Eternal joys above:
Instead of torment, glory;
  Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy Country,
  True Israelites! is rife.

Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wan
To have our Home on high!
That worms should seek for dw
Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all who mourn their
Is one eternal place:
And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground:
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope:
But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay:
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away:
And none shall there be jealous;
And none shall there contend:
Fraud, clamour, guile—what say I?
All ill, all ill shall end!
And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow:
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

A place, however low,
Shall show Him us, and showi
Shall satiate evermo.
By hope we struggle onward,
While here we must be fed,
By milk, as tender infants,
But there by Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
The morn is bright with gla
The Cross becomes our harbou
And we triumph after sadne
And JESUS to His true ones
Brings trophies fair to see:
And JESUS shall be loved, and
Beheld in Galilee:

Yes! GOD my King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rahel
For ever shall be changed:[2]
Then all the halls of Syon
For aye shall be complete,
And, in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.
For thee, O dear dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
O come, O onely Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall;

Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.
The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
JESUS, the Gem of Beauty,
True GOD and Man, they sing:
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring:
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of His Court:
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!

Thou feel'st in mystic rapture
  O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
  The Prince's loveliest smile:
Unfading lilies, bracelets
  Of living pearl thine own:
The LAMB is ever near thee,
  The Bridegroom thine alone:
The Crown is He to guerdon,
  The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
  And He the Architect.
The only art thou needest,
  Thanksgiving for thy lot:
The only joy thou seekest,
  The Life where Death is not:
And all thine endless leisure
  In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,—
  The wealth that is thy King's!

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN,
  WITH MILK AND HONEY BLEST,
BENEATH THY CONTEMPLATION
  SINK HEART AND VOICE OPPRESSED:
I KNOW NOT, O I KNOW NOT,
  WHAT SOCIAL JOYS ARE THERE!

And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.

THEY STAND, THOSE HALLS OF SY
CONJUBILANT WITH SONG,
AND BRIGHT WITH MANY AN ANG
AND ALL THE MARTYR THRONG:
THE PRINCE IS EVER IN THEM;
THE DAYLIGHT IS SERENE:
THE PASTURES OF THE BLESSED
ARE DECKED IN GLORIOUS SHEE

THERE IS THE THRONE OF DAVID
AND THERE, FROM CARE RELEAS
THE SONG OF THEM THAT TRIUMI

O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, for ever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true, peculiar vision
Of GOD cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter,—
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
Even now by faith I see thee:
Even here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn:
Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe!

How gloriously they rise:
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom GOD's own love and ligh
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the LORD!
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord.[14]

And there the Sole-Begotten
  Is LORD in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
  He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
  O state that fears no strife!
O princely bow'rs! O land of flow'rs!
  O realm and home of Life!

Jerusalem, exulting
  On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
  And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
  I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
  A child of wrath am I:
But yet with Faith I venture
  And Hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
  I labour night and day.
The Best and Dearest FATHER
  Who made me and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
  And from defilement laved:
When in His strength I struggle,
  For very joy I leap,

otter,
weep:
ace celestial,
display,
Fountain
way.

Syon!
n gold!
ttalions,
us fold:
l Country,
hy face?
l Country,
thy grace?

[1] I have no hesitation in saying that I look on these verses of Bernard as the most lovely, in the same way that the *Dies Iræ* is the most sublime, and the *Stabat Mater* the most pathetic, of mediæval poems. They are even superior to that glorious hymn on the same subject, the *De Gloriâ et gaudiis Paradisi* of S. Peter Damiani. For the sake of comparison I quote some of the most striking stanzas of the latter, availing myself of the admirable translation of Mr. Wackerbarth:

There nor waxing moon nor waning,
Sun nor stars in courses bright:
For the LAMB to that glad city
Shines an everlasting light:
There the daylight beams for ever,
All unknown are time and night.

For the Saints, in beauty beaming,
Shine in light and glory pure:
Crowned in triumph's flushing honours
Joy in unison secure:
And in safety tell their battles
And their foes' discomfiture.

Freed from every stain of evil,
All their carnal wars are done:
For the flesh made spiritual
And the soul agree in one:
Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment,
Sin and scandal are unknown.

Here they live in endless being:
Passingness has passed away:

Love takes all as his possession,
Where his power hath all combined:
So that all that each possesses
All partake in unconfined.

CHRIST, Thy soldier's palm of honour,
Unto this Thy City free
Lead me, when my warfare's girdle
I shall cast away from me:
A partaker in Thy bounty
With Thy Blessed ones to be.

Grant me vigour, while I labour
In the ceaseless battle pressed,
That Thou may'st, the conflict over,
Grant me everlasting rest:
And I may at length inherit
Thee my portion ever blest.

... worth while to compa

Their sunny tents, and houses luminous,
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end, without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodless malady impales their face,
No age drops on their hair his silver snow,
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace;
No fear of death the joy of life devours,
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain:
The infant wonders how he came so old,
The old man how he came so young again:
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe;
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know;
All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

For things that pass are passed.

Manifestly the *Nam transire transiit* of S. Peter:—as the wonder of the infant and the old man is simply a developement of the *Non minuti, non deformes* of Hildebert. But in the stanza that follows Fletcher has the advantage over Bernard, Hildebert, and Damiani by his sublime allusion to the Beatific Vision.

In midst of this City Celestial,
Where the Eternal Temple should have rose,
Lightened the Idea Beatifical:
End and beginning of each thing that grows,

says very well, after referring to the Ode of Ca
Urit me Patriæ decor, that both "turn upon th
theme, the heavenly homesickness: but with
classical beauty of the Ode, and it is great, wh
not feel that the poor Cluniac monk's is the
real and deeper utterance? that, despite the s
form which he has chosen, he is the greater
—The Ode, however, is well worthy of trans
and here is an attempt:

It kindles all my soul,
My Country's loveliness! Those starry cl
That watch around the pole,
And the moon's tender light, and heavenly
Through golden halls that roll.
O chorus of the night! O planets, sworn
The music of the spheres
To follow! Lovely watchers, that think s
To rest, till day appears!

There are two other passages in modern Latin poets which are well worthy perusal, on a similar subject: though the principal part of their beauty lying rather in expression than in thought, I have not considered it worth while to translate them. I allude to the fourteenth Elegy of the Third Book of the *Suspiria animæ amantis* of Herman Hugo; and to the tenth Elegy of the First Book of Jacobus Zevecotius, which is entitled, *An Aspiration to the Celestial Country*.

[2] Leah and Rachel are allegorized in three different ways by mediæval poets. 1. Of the active and contemplative life; and thence also by an easy transition to the toil we endure on earth,—and the Eternal Contemplation of GOD'S glory in Heaven, as here. So, again, in a fine but rugged prose in the Nuremberg Missal for S. Jerome's Day.

> Then, when all carnal strife hath ceased,
> And we from warfare are released,
> O grant us, in that Heavenly Feast,
> To see Thee as Thou art:
> To Leah give, the battle won,
> Her Rachel's dearer heart:
> To Martha, when the strife is done,
> Her Mary's better part.

The parallel symbol of Martha and Mary is, however, in this sense, far more common; and is even found in Epitaphs, as in that to Gundreda de Warren, daughter of William the Conqueror.

> A Martha to the houseless poor, a Mary in her love,
> And though her Martha's part be gone, her Mary's lives above.

Bernard, in the passage we are considering, has a

ence also to the New [illegible]
Apocalypse.—The second allegory of Leah and Ra
expounds them of the Synagogue and the Churcl
to this we shall have occasion to allude in a poer
Adam of S. Victor.—The third makes them to re
sent earthly affliction patiently endured, succe
by joy. So a contemporary poem on the Martyr
of S. Thomas:

Post Agar ludibrium, Saræ natus datur:
Post Lyam, ad libitum Jacob uxoratur.

[3] It is not without a deep mystical meaning
these stones are selected by the poet: as the r
will see by referring to pp. 62—66.

[4] *Decachord.* With reference to the mystical e
nation, which, seeing in the number *ten* a type o
fection, understands the "instrument of ten str
of the perfect harmony of heaven.

Patris Sapientia, Bonitas Divina.

This is one, and the best, of the many efforts of mediæval poets to recite our LORD's Passion in connexion with the Canonical Hours. It may probably be of the twelfth century.

CIRCLED by His enemies,
By His own forsaken,
CHRIST the LORD at *Matin* hour
For our sakes was taken:
Very Wisdom, Very Light,
Monarch long expected,
In the garden by the Jews
Bound, reviled, rejected.

See them at the Hour of *Prime*
Unto Pilate leading
Him 'gainst whom with lying tongues
Witnesses are pleading.

Is their bitter payment,
When they lead Him forth at *Tierce*
Clad in purple raiment:
And a crown of woven thorns
On His Head He weareth:
And the Cross to Calvary
On His Shoulder beareth.

He upon that Cross at *Sexte*
For man's sake was mounted;
By the passers by reviled,
With transgressors counted:
Mocking, vinegar and gall
To His thirst they proffer:
To the Holy Lamb of God

And a soldier pierced His Side
With a spear unbidden;
And earth quaked exceedingly,
And the Sun was hidden.

When it came to *Vesper* time,
From the Cross they take Him,
Whose great love to bear such woes
For our sakes could make Him:
Such a death He underwent,
Sin's alone Physician,
That of Everlasting Life
We might have fruition.

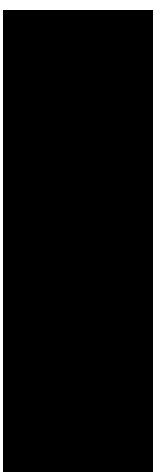
At the holy *Compline* tide
Holy hands array Him
In the garments of the grave
Where the mourners lay Him;
Myrrh and spices have they brought,
Scripture is completed;
And by death the Prince of Life
Death and Hell defeated.

Therefore these Canonical
Hours my tongue shall ever
In Thy praise, O CHRIST, recite
With my heart's endeavour:

[redacted]

ıy sake

he above hymn
ons to S. Mary.



And the Blest SPIRIT's Advent. Here we raise
The Vessels to the Potter, prayer and praise:
That casting off the old, that Adam now
We may put on, in Death Who deigned to bow
As at this very hour: and Heavenly Flame
May purge from sin, and fire with love, our frame.
At *Sexts* man fell: and CHRIST his sentence bore,
And the noon fiend is raging evermore.
Whoe'er thou art, for whom CHRIST deigned to bleed
Fall on thy knees, and thank Him for the deed:
Pray that the dragon, who in this same hour
Adam destroyed, o'er thee may have no power:
That GOD, at noon for man a Sacrifice,
May shield thee from the flesh, and fiend's surprise.
At *Nones* by Adam Paradise was lost:
CHRIST on the Cross at Nones gave up the ghost,
And visited the faithful, to reveal
His marvellous light in shade. Thou therefore kneel,
And pray to join their band, and see their LORD
In the bright realms now lost, and now restored.
At *Vesper* tide the moon and stars, displayed
In their bright course, the Firmament arrayed.
For these fair signs we yield their author praise,
For the cheered darkness and the lovely rays.
At *Vespers*, wretched now, and doomed to ills,
Adam first saw the sunset touch the hills,
And prayed, as darkness gathered in apace,
With horror struck, for GOD's defending grace.
So thou who at the Font hast seen new light,
Pray that thy Sun may never sink in night.
No certain hour hath *Compline:* yet to GOD
Render we thanks for that day's journey trod:

Where [illegible]
David arose to Psalms; at this same tide
Shall the last fire the good and bad divide.
These things of mercy and of judgment te
The hymns and prayers of David mercy pr
That Moses passed in safety, when his foe
Were whelmed like lead, judicial sentence

Cœnam cum Discipulis.

The following prose is from the Salisbury Missal: and occurs in the Mass of the Five Wounds. Daniel found it in the same Mass in a Missal of the Augustinian hermits. In both editions it is exceedingly corrupt. It may safely be referred to the twelfth century. The very great difficulty of the measure, taken in connection with the exquisite simplicity of the original, (which under any circumstances it would have been difficult) and in these it is almost impossible to preserve,) made me hesitate as to including it in the present collection. But though much of the melody, and more, I fear, of the simple fervour may have been lost, I still think that it may not be without its value to English readers.

AT the Supper with the Twelve
Thou, O CHRIST, wast seated;
And hadst prophesied Thy Death
Soon to be completed;

After, [illegible]

Prostrate fell the LORD of al
Where He had proceeded ;
That the cup might pass aw
Earnestly He pleaded :
But unto His FATHER'S W
That His own conceded :
And forthwith a Sweat of
O'er His Members speed

After that the Traitor's
Judas came to proffer :
" Wherefore com'st tho
LORD
Saith unto the scoffer :
[illegible] Whor

Priests and Scribes upon His Head
Foul reproaches heaping:
Who might see the Spotless Lamb,
And refrain from weeping?

Pilate strives to free the LORD
From the bands that tie Him;
But the voices of the Jews
More and more defy him;
And the tumult waxes still
Loud and louder nigh him:
And the people's fiercer cry
Thunders,—"Crucify Him!"

With the soldiers, straitly bound,
Forth the SAVIOUR fareth:
Over all His holy Form
Bleeding Wounds He beareth;
He a Crown of woven thorns,
King of Glory, weareth:
And each one, with bended knee,
Fresher taunts prepareth.

They Thy mild and tender Flesh,
O Redeemer, baring,
To the column bind Thee fast
For the scourge preparing:

After passed He through the st
As the morn grew older:
And the heavy bitter Cross
Bare He on His Shoulder:
Thronged the windows and th
Many a rude beholder;
But He found no comforter
There, and no upholder.

Him, in open sight of men
Manifestly shaming,
To the wind and cold they bar
Utmost insults framing:
Guiltless, on the Cross they li

In like wise His Blessed Feet
Are to torture given,
As the Hands that had so oft
In our battle striven.

Streams of Blood are trickling down
From those holy sources:
Hither! weak and sinful soul!
And renew thy forces:
This the medicine, that shall cure
Terrors and remorses;
This the writing, that for us
Freedom's deed endorses.

Then the LORD exclaimed,—"I thirst!"
(Meet did Scripture make it:)
On a reed they raise the sponge
To the lips that spake it:
Vinegar and gall they give
To His thirst to slake it:
Which when He had tasted of,
He refused to take it.

JESU, wondrous to the last!
What was Thine intention?
Thou wast silent of the Cross,
But of thirst mad'st mention:

Calling on Thy [illegible]
Thy last breath was spended:
And Thy Spirit in His Hands
Gently was commended:
With a loud and mighty cry
Then Thy Head was bended:
And the work, that brought The
Of Salvation ended.

But by heart and thought of ma
That is past conceiving
How the Virgin Mother's soul
Inmostly was grieving
When the soldier's bitter lance
That dear Side was cleaving:
[illegible] His frame

When she marked how through His side
That sharp lance was darted;
And the streams of Water thence
And of Blood that started.

Wherefore, sinner, haste to these
Fountains of salvation:
Life thou mayest draw therefrom
And illumination:
Cure thou mayest find for sin,
Strength to meet temptation:
Refuge may'st thou gain against
Satan's condemnation.

Jucundare, plebs fidelis.

We now come to Adam of S. Victor, t
est of mediæval poets. He was born in I
whether *Major Britannia*, (our island,)
(Bretagne,) cannot now be known. Of
Englishman sees, in his celebration of S.
Canterbury, an argument for that which
to believe.

The school of the Abbey of S. Victor at
duced three of the greatest men of that
twelfth century, Hugh, Adam, Richard.

> Hi tres canonici, licet absint canoniz
> Mente piâ dici possunt tamen esse b

than a hundred; some[1] of them published for the first time.

Nothing can be more striking, nothing can be more true, than Dean Trench's estimate of Adam: *if it have a fault*, I think that it hardly does this wonderful poet justice.

"His profound acquaintance with the whole circle of the theology of his time, and eminently with its exposition of Scripture,—the abundant and admirable use which he makes of it, delivering as he thus does his poems from the merely *subjective* cast of those, beautiful as they are, of S. Bernard,—the exquisite art and variety with which for the most part his verse is managed and his rhymes disposed—their rich melody multiplying and ever deepening at the close—the strength which often he concentrates into a single line—his skill in conducting a narration—and most of all, the evident nearness of the things which he celebrates to his own heart of hearts—all these, and other excellencies, render him, as far as my judgment goes, the foremost among the sacred Latin poets of the middle ages."

CHILDREN of a Heavenly FATHER,
Faithful people, joy, the rather
That the Prophet's lore ye gather,
From Ezekiel's Vision draw:
John that Prophet's witness sharing,
In the Apocalypse declaring,
"This I write, true record bearing
Of the things I truly saw."

This an Eagle's visage know
That a Lion's image showeth
Scripture on the rest bestow
The twain forms of Ox and

These are they, the symbols
Of the forms Evangelistic,
Who the Church, with stream
Irrigate from sea to sea:
Matthew first, and Mark the
Luke with these is rightly rec
And the loved Apostle, beckon
From his nets and Zebedee.

Mark the wilds as lion shaketh,
And the desert hearing quaketh,
Preparation while he maketh
  That the heart with GOD be right:
John, love's double[3] wing devising,
Earth on eagle plumes despising,
To his GOD and LORD uprising
  Soars away in purer light.

Symbols quadriform uniting
They of CHRIST are thus inditing;
Quadriform His acts, which writing
  They produce before our eyes:
Man,—Whose birth man's law obeyeth:
Ox,—Whom victim's passion slayeth:
Lion,—when on death He preyeth:
  Eagle,—soaring to the skies.

These the creature forms etherial
Round the Majesty imperial
Seen by prophets; but material
  Difference 'twixt the visions springs:
Wheels are rolling,—wings are flying,—[4]
Scripture lore this signifying;—
Step with step, as wheels, complying,
  Contemplation by the wings.

Of the streams that they deliv
To supply His people's need

In these streams our souls bed
That more fully we ensuing
Thirst of goodness and renewi
Thirst more fully may allay
We their holy doctrine follow
From the gulf that gapes to s
And from pleasures vain and
To the joys of heavenly Day

the Ecclesiologist, of the following, of each of which M. Gautier simply says, *Cette prose est inédite.*

Vol. I. p. 68. Salve, dies dierum gloria.
74. Sextâ passus feriâ.
101. Postquam hostem et inferna.
168. Rex Salomon fecit templum.
Vol. II. 105. Lætabundi jubilemus.
297. Per unius casum grani.

It was, of course, by the most pardonable fault, a fault rendered sometimes almost unavoidable through the international difficulties of obtaining books, that the Editor made the mistake which I have now pointed out.

[2] The Evangelistic Symbols offered, as might be expected, a favourite theme to mediæval poets. Adam of S. Victor has himself another sequence on the same subject. It is no part of my design to dwell on the different adaptations of these symbols; how the lion is given to S. John, and S. Luke, and S. Matthew: the man and the eagle to S. Mark, &c. I quote some of the verses of the Christian poets on the subject.

Juvencus,—if the lines are indeed his,—

Matthew of virtue's path is wont to tell,
And gives the just man laws for living well.
Mark loves to hover 'twixt the earth and sky
In vehement flight, as eagle from on high.
The LORD's Blest Passion Luke more fully writes,
And, named the ox, of priestly deeds indites.
John, as a lion, furious for the strife,
Thunders the mysteries of Eternal Life.

S. Mark's flying between the earth and sky is ex-

This Matthew writes, and thence
Mark roars a lion in a desert pla
While priestly Luke the ox for s
And John, who towers to heaven,

Later poets carried out, as we sha
does,—the symbolism still further, an
to be in Himself all that His servants
Thus a mediæval epigram:

Luke is the ox,—Mark lion, eagl
Matthew the man: but God is s
The Man in birth, the Ox in dea
The Lion,—and the Eagle seek t

Hildebert of Mans, after going thr
bols, adduces another:

The fountain yet distils: increas
Each righteous man contains th

of the earthly Life of our LORD: the wings of the Apostles set forth their knowledge of His Eternal Deity. And again: as four wheels must necessarily keep time together, so there is the most perfect concord between the narrations of the Evangelists.

[s] The river that was parted, and became into four heads, is explained of CHRIST, the various acts of Whose life on earth are divided between the four Evangelists. Mediæval symbolism represents S. Matthew by Gihon, S. Mark by Tigris, S. Luke by Euphrates, and S. John by Pison.

Ecce dies celebri

**This is another prose of Adam of S.
for Easter.**

HAIL the much remember
Night from morning flies a
Life the chains of dea
Gladness, welcome! grief,
Greater glory draweth on
Than confusion at th
Flies the shadowy from t
Flies the ancient from the
Comfort hath each te

CHRIST the prey hath here unbound
From the foe that girt us round:[1]
Tale, in Samson's prowess found
When the lion-form he slew:[2]
David, in His Father's cause,
From the Lion's hungry jaws
And the bear's devouring paws
Hath set free His flock anew.

Samson thousands slew by dying:
CHRIST, true Samson, typifying,[3]
Who by death o'ercame His foes:
Samson, by interpretation,
Is *their sunlight:* Our Salvation
Thus hath brought illumination
To the Elect on whom He rose.

From the Cross's pole[4] of glory
Flows the must of ancient story
In the Church's wine-vat stored:
From the press, now trodden duly,
Gentile first-fruits gathered newly
Drink the precious liquor poured.

Sackcloth, worn with foul abuses,[5]
Passes on to royal uses;

Reprobated and rejected
Was this Stone that, now
For a Trophy stands erect
And a precious Corn
Sin's, not Nature's, termi
He creates a new Creatio
And Himself their collig
Binds two peoples in

Give we glory to the Hea
O'er the members love b

[2] The victory of Samson over the lion is spiritualised in an infinity of ways. Samson overcame him without telling his father and his mother. From the eater came forth meat, as from death came forth life, or, otherwise, as from the death of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah came forth the spiritual honey which satisfies His people.

[3] As the dead which Samson slew in his death were more than they whom he slew in his life,—so not till after our LORD's death did the thousands of converts fall to the Church. *Samson*, according to the ungrammatical interpretation of the Fathers, means *their Sun:* that is, the sun of those that belong to Him.—Thus, CHRIST, though the Sun of all, yet shall bring final salvation to the Elect alone.

[4] The reference is to the Pole, on which the two spies carried the bunch of grapes. The Pole is the Cross:—the bunch typifies the LORD, as the True Vine; the spies, the Jews and Gentiles respectively. The spy that went first, turned his back on the bunch; thus the Jews, first called, rejected our LORD. He that came last kept his eyes on it;—thus the Gentiles, though last called, accepted the offered salvation.

[5] The poet refers partly to the Psalm, "Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness,"—partly to the story of the Gibeonites,—by means of whose old sacks, when received by the princes, their salvation was effected. The sackcloth is here the Flesh of CHRIST; and the Royal Uses, Its immortality of glory after His Death.

[6] The Vulgate is here followed: "The LORD set Cain for a sign."

Zyma vetus expurg

Another Easter Sequence of Adar

PURGE we out the ancient
That the feast of earth and
We may celebrate aright
On to-day our hope stands
Moses teacheth how unbou
Is its virtue and its migh

Now the voice of exultation,
Now the triumph of salvation
  Free and wide its tidings flings:
This is the day the LORD hath made: the day
That bids our sin and sorrow flee away,
  Life and light and health that brings.

In the Law the types lay shaded:
In the promised End they faded,
  CHRIST, Who all things consummates;
CHRIST, Whose Blood aside hath turned
That devouring sword which burned,
  Waving wide, at Eden's gates.
Yea, that child,[1] our Mystic Laughter,
For whose sake the ram fell after,
  Signifies the Joy of Life;
Joseph from the prison goeth:
CHRIST, by Resurrection, showeth
  He hath conquered in the strife.

He the Dragon that, devouring
Pharaoh's dragons,[2] rose, o'erpowering
  All their malice and their might;
He the Serpent set on high
That the people might not die
  From the fiery serpents' bite.

That the ancient lord of
Might avoid the ranso

They, whose scorn the S
As to Bethel He ascend
Feel the Bald-head's
David, after madness fe
Scapegoat, now no mor
Ritual sparrow, all g

Alien wedlock first des
With a jawbone Samso
Thousand Philistine
Then in Gaza as he ta
Forth her brazen gate

Jonah by the tempest followed,
Whom the whale of old time swallowed,
Type of our True Jonah giving,
Three days pass'd is rendered living
From that dark and narrow space.
Now the myrrh of Cyprus groweth,[8]
Widelier spreadeth, sweetlier bloweth;
Law its withered blossoms throweth
That the Church may take their place.

Death and life have striven newly;
JESUS CHRIST hath risen truly;
And with CHRIST ascended duly
Many a witness that He lives:
Dawn of newness, happy morrow
Wipes away our eve of sorrow:
Since from death our life we borrow,
Brightest joy the season gives.

JESU, Victor, Life, and Head:
JESU, Way Thy people tread;
By Thy death from death released
Call us to the Paschal Feast,
That with boldness we may come;
Living Water, Bread undying,
Vine, each branch with life supplying,

[1] S. Hildebert, following the Fathe
name by interpretation is *laughter*
For CHRIST is the joy of man and

[2] So S. Hildebert again: "This
on the earth and become a serpent
of the Egyptian magicians, becau
made flesh, after the dignity of F
dient unto death, by the very me
the flesh deprived the Serpent o
and destroyed death, and the sting
to that saying, 'O death, I will be
I will be thy plagues!'"

[3] The reference is to the que
Job,—"Canst thou draw out Lev

That perfect love should cast out fear,
And better life from death appear?
Death should the hook devour amain,
And self in self-made knots enchain?
The Life of all men should be slain,
That all men's life might rise again?

So S. Hildebert, in his Epigrams (if we may so call them) named *the moral interpretation of Scripture:*

Fisher the FATHER is: this world, the sea;
CHRIST'S Flesh the bait, the Hook His Deity,
The line His generation. Satan took
The offered bait; and perished by the hook.

And so Adam of S. Victor:

Sic hamum divinitatis
Occultat mortalitas:
Sic voracis Leviathan
Luditur voracitas;

Qui dum capit glutiendum
Nostri vermen generis,
Ipse captus inescatur;
Pax est data posteris;

where, however, observe that the metaphor is not exactly the same. In the former passage the bait applies more immediately to our LORD'S Human Nature, considered relatively to the Hypostatic Union: in the latter Adam would rather take the whole human race as the bait, the Hook of Divinity being the same in both.

[4] The poet refers to the mediæval interpretation of

the said head of the prophet typif
Crown of Thorns. The mocking chi
the taunting Jews; and as there ca
out of the wood, and tare forty and t
former, so, after forty-two years, th
querors, Vespasian and Titus, destr

[6] David's assumed madness in th
is here regarded as a symbol of the
by the Jews to our LORD. "Many
hath a devil and is mad; why he
Augustine, on Psalm xxxiv., dwells
this type.

[7] A reference to the mediæval beli
of the lion are born dead, and conti
days, when their father arouses ther
we saw in the hymn of S. Fulbert of

[8] Canticles i. 14. "My beloved i
cluster of camphire in the vineyard

Verbi vere substantivi.

A Sequence for S. John the Evangelist, first printed by Gautier (vol. ii., p. 241:) it is here also first translated for this second edition.

THAT substantive WORD, united
To the flesh, and therein plighted
To a life of misery sore;
Him to be the co-eternal,
John's theology supernal
Testifieth evermore.

On his Master's bosom lying
Quaffed he thence that fount undying,
Wisdom's stream, his thirst to sate:
Then became, with touch endearing,
Faith to word, to teaching hearing,
Mind to GOD, conterminate.

And the [illegible]
On the True Sun's truest [illegible]
Soaring high, with full fruition,
Fix'd he fast his eagle sight.

Sense is naught, if style it slighted
He with style so subtle writeth,
And with sense so Catholic,
That the WORD's true Incarnati
Never more can meet negation
From the wile of heretic.

WORD, ineffably creative,
Which with Virtue generativ
All things made at earth's
[illegible] WORD, from Joh[illegible] FA[illegible]

Him, to Whom from death's dejection
Lion-Mark brings Resurrection,
  Rocks then riving, earth then quaking:
GOD of GOD, of Splendour, Splendour:
These the titles John could render,
  Alpha and Omega making.

They relate the earthly passion,
How He died in mortal fashion,
  Crowned with thorns, their suff'ring LORD:
He, upraised to things supernal,
Shows the King of realms eternal,
  And the vengeance of His sword.

On these wings evangelistic
Rolls the Monarch's chariot mystic,
  One among the Living Four:
While the harpers pour their praises,
And the adoring people raises
  Alleluia evermore.

Supernæ Matris

This Sequence, to my mind one of
Adam ever wrote, was not in the fi
present book. I translated it for th
whence it has been copied into seve

THE Church on earth, with ans
Echoes her mother's joys above
These yearly feast-days she may
And yet for endless festals weep

In this world's valley dim

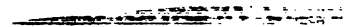
This triple league, with fierce dislike,
At holy festivals would strike:
And set the battle in array
To drive their peace from earth away.

And storms confused above us lower
Of hope and fear and joy and woe;
And scarcely ev'n for one half hour
Is silence in GOD's House below.

That distant City, oh how blest,
Whose feast-days know nor pause nor rest!
How gladsome is that Palace gate,
Round which nor fear nor sorrow wait!

Nor languor here, nor weary age,
Nor fraud, nor dread of hostile rage;
But one the joy, and one the song,
And one the heart of all the throng!

The Saints whose praise to-day we sing
Are standing now before the Throne,
And face to face behold the King
In all His Majesty made known.



Interni[1] Festi Gaudia.

A Sequence of Adam's for S. Augustine's Day. I made two centos from it for the Hymnal Noted.

Our festal strains to-day reveal
The joys that faithful spirits feel,
As often as the inmost heart
In these true Sabbaths bears a part.

The pure of soul alone have grace
The future joys of Heav'n to trace,
And learn in foretaste sweet and rare
What glories deck the Blessed there:

What bliss, in that celestial land,
They know, the bright Angelic band;
Who see the King That crowns the fight,
In all His Majesty of light.

Whom sweetness, more t
Who know no grief, and
Whom never more can fo
Nor storm approach to wo

One day of those most glo
Is better than ten thousand
Refulgent with celestial lig
And with GOD'S fullest kno

This cannot human fancy k
Nor tongue of men nor ange
Till endless life the victory
That gives for earthly, heav

Let this our

The praises that the Blessed know
The Church shall intimate below,
Whene'er she greets, in yearly strain,
The birthdays of her saints again.

Now, all their battles past and gone,
The Crown of Glory is set on;
For Chastity, as lily white,
For Martyrdom, as ruby bright.

And these beside, a golden chain
Shall Doctors Catholic attain:
Where Angels round their monarch bow,
Such chain Augustine weareth now.

That we this Saint's blest life may reach,
That we his blessed faith may teach,
May join above, and love below,
The SPIRIT of All Grace bestow! Amen.

---

[1] Gautier reads *Eterni:* but I understand the poet to mean that the external celebration of the Festival is only the outspoken expression of the internal joy of the heart.

Heri mundus e

A Sequence for S. Stephen's
some, Adam's masterpiece. It
edition.

YESTERDAY, with exultat
Join'd the world in celeb
Of her promis'd SAVIO
Yesterday the Angel natic
Pour'd the strains of inhi

Forward, champion, in thy quarrel!
Certain of a certain laurel,
  Holy Stephen, persevere!
Perjur'd witnesses confounding,
Satan's Synagogue astounding
  By thy doctrine true and clear.

Lo! in Heaven *thy* Witness liveth:
Bright and faithful proof He giveth
  Of His Martyr's blamelessness:
Thou by name *a Crown* impliest;
Meetly then in pangs thou diest
  For the Crown of Righteousness!

For a crown that fadeth never,
Bear the torturer's brief endeavour;
  Victory waits to end the strife:
Death shall be thy birth's beginning,
And life's losing be the winning
  Of the true and better Life.

Whom the HOLY GHOST endueth,
Whom celestial sight embueth,
  Stephen penetrates the skies;
There GOD'S fullest glory viewing,
There his victor strength renewing,
  For his near reward he sighs.

Cry that JESUS waits to ow
Cry it with thy latest br

As the dying Martyr kneel
For his murderers he appea
And his prayer their pardo
For their madness grievin
Then in CHRIST he sleepeth
Who His pattern kept comp
And with CHRIST he reigneth
Martyr first-fruits, evermo

Missus Gabriel de Cœlis.

A Sequence of Adam's for the Incarnation. It was not known to be his till M. Gautier vindicated it to its proper author. It was not in my first edition.

GABRIEL, from the Heaven descending,
On the faithful Word attending,
Is in holy converse blending
With the Virgin full of grace:
That good word and sweet he plighteth
In the bosom where it lighteth,
And for *Eva Ave* writeth,
Changing Eva's name and race.

At the promise that he sendeth
GOD the Incarnate WORD descendeth;
Yet no carnal touch offendeth
Her, the undefiled one.
She, without a father, beareth,
She no bridal union shareth,
And a painless birth declareth
That she bare the Royal Son.

nigh the sign, its place assi
In the bush, the unconsumi
Mortal, veil thine eyes presi
Loose thy shoes from off t

As the rod, by wondrous pov
Moistened not by dew or sho
Bare the almond and the flow
Thus He came, the Virgin'
Hail the fruit, O world, with
Fruit of joy and not of sadnes
Adam had not lapsed to madn
Had he tasted of its shoot.

JESUS, kind above all other

Laudes Crucis attollamus.

This Sequence, for the Invention or Exaltation of the Cross, is perhaps the masterpiece of Adam of S. Victor.

Be the Cross our theme and story,
We who in the Cross's glory
Shall exult for evermore.
By the Cross the warrior rises,
By the Cross the foe despises,
Till he gains the heavenly shore.

Sweetest praises
Earth upraises:
Accents sweetest
Are the meetest
For the Trees of sweetest cheer:
Life and voice keep well in chorus;
Then the melody sonorous[1]
Shall make concord true and clear.

Hail the Tree that brin
Tree of Beauty, Tr

O how glorious, how tra
Was this Altar![2] how re
In the life-blood of
Of the LAMB Immaculate
That redeemed our ancie
From its sin and fro

Ladder this, to sinners giv
Whereby CHRIST, the Kin
Drew to Him both frie
Who its nature hath expen
In its limits comprehended

No salvation for the mansion[5]
Where the Cross in meet expansion
On the door-post stood not graved:
Where it stood, the midnight blast
Of the avenging Angel passed,
And the first-born child was saved.

Wood the widow's[6] hands collected,
When salvation unexpected
Came, the Prophet's mystic boon:
Where the wood of faith is wanted,
There the SPIRIT'S oil is scanted,
And the meal is wasted soon.

Rome beheld each shattered vessel[7]
And Maxentius vainly wrestle
In the stream against its might:
This procured the bright ovation
O'er the Persian and the Thracian
When Heraclius won the fight.

Types of old in Scripture hidden
Setting forth the Cross, are bidden,
In these days, to fuller light;
Kings[8] are flying, foes are dying,
On the Cross of CHRIST relying
One a thousand puts to flight.

Satan's captives liberate
Life in sinners renovate
All in glory reinstateth
Who by ancient Ad

Tree, triumphal might p
Earth's salvation, crown
Every other prætergressi
Both in bloom and
Medicine of the Christia
Save the just, give sinne
Who dost might for dee
Overpassing human

Douche eaue fist qui est amere:
Par li jeta pierre eaue clere
Quant de Moyse fu hurtée.

Nul salu n'est en la maison,
Se de la Crois n'est par raison,
Par aucun garnie a l'entrée:
Ne glaive n'a enduré
Ne son enfant adiré
Cil qui tel chose a ouvrée.

La povre femme qui estoit
En Sarepte, où buche cueilloit,
Acquist la grace divine:
Qui de la crois n'a creance
L'uile n'a point d'abondance,
Ni le pot de farine.

[1] This is an idea which Adam frequently, indeed almost too frequently, expresses. So in a Sequence for S. Laurence.

Non discordat os a corde:
Sint concordes hæ tres chordæ,
Lingua, mens, et actio!

In the Common of Apostles:

Lætâ linguâ mens collaudet;
Quæ si laude se defraudet
Fructûs laus est modici.

And in another for the same:

Cuĭ psallant mens et ora:
Mentis mundæ vox sonora
Hymnus est angelicus.

Whose Body hath redeem
Roast on the Altar of the

which image is omitted in the
Regias Agni Dapes. So also Sant

Arâ sub illâ, Par Deo,
Se consecrabat Victin

and Adam himself repeats the tho
Sequence on the Evangelists.

Arâ Crucis mansuētus
Sic offertur, sicque ve
Transit observantia.

So also S. Hildebert: "He on the
made good the office both of King a
because He fought and conquered
He made oblation and appeased: b
oblation which He made, nor the
offered, alien from Himself."

[5] Hugh of S. Victor, in his treatise "de proprietatibus rerum," under the title "CRUX," says:

"Crux, serpentis ænei palus, ligna Isaac, scala Jacob, virga Moysi, lignum Marath, *Signum Thau in superliminari domus.*" (Compare Ezekiel ix. 4.)

[6] The "two sticks" which the widow of Sarepta was gathering, when Salvation came to her house, are expounded of the two beams which by their intersection made up the Cross.

[7] I. e., when the bridge of boats broke down under the routed army of Maxentius, who thus perished miserably in the Tiber.

[8] A very clear reference to the Crusades. The two last stanzas are slightly altered from the Translation which Mr. Wackerbarth has given of them, as a separate poem. The *Ista suos fortiores* is quoted by Archbishop Harsnett, in a Sermon preached at Paul's Cross.

Quam dilecta tab

A prose of Adam of S. Victor, f
a church.

How lovely and how loved, l
The LORD the GOD of Host
place!

How elect your
Architecture!

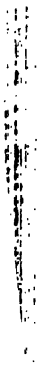
How serene your walls re
Never moved by,

Framed of Wood, the Ark effected
Noah's salvation, while directed
Through the Deluge and upheld:[2]
Called the promise to inherit
Sarah laughs with joy of spirit
O'er the infant of her eld.

From her pitcher[3] Bethuel's daughter
Giveth Eliezer water,
And the camels slake their thirst:
For her Bridegroom she prepareth,
While the rings and chains she weareth
That Himself had sent her first.

Letter held by, spirit scanted,
Saw the Synagogue supplanted,[4]
Wandering wide, by Jacob's hand:
Leah's tender vision fleeth
Much that clear-eyed Rachel[5] seeth
Wedded thence in equal band.

By the wayside as she fareth
Tamar[6] twins to Judah beareth
After many a widowed day:
Here[7] the Royal Maid revealing
What the rush-ark was concealing,
Beareth Moses safe away.



While the rising billo
Egypt's host ben

Here the urn of mann
Here the Tables GOD
In the Ark of Cov
Here the ornaments of
Here the robes of priest
Chief of all the fair

Here his wife Urias[9] los
Bathsheba, whom David
To a queen's estate
Than the royal maidens
She, of gold-

She whose glory
Ancient story
Shadowed faintly,
Bright and saintly
Opens here the Day of Grace.
To our dearest[10]
Lie we nearest,
Resting by Him,
Singing nigh Him,
For the Nuptial comes apace:

The feast at whose beginning blend
The louder notes that trumpets send,[11]
While gentler psalteries hail the end.
Ten thousand thousand choirs on high
The Bridegroom in one melody
Exalting, sing eternally
Alleluia: Amen.

---

[1] The poet here, after his manner, heaps together the Old Testament types of the Church. The first of these is Eve. As she was formed from the side of her husband while he slept, the Spotless Bride was formed from the Side of CHRIST while He slept in

prose. The ark of Noah was
broad at the bottom, and finis
The beasts were placed lowest
the birds above them. The Ark
Many there are in this who seem
—and thence the width of the
are fewer in it who may prop
as knowing the things that bel
and avoiding sin; hence the com
of the upper stage. There are f
birds, contemn earthly things; a
whence they are fitly represented
they are finished about in a cubit
forth by the Cubit; and beyond Hi
and finds nothing.

[3] According to the mediæval a
CHRIST: Rebecca, the Gentile Chu
Apostles and Doctors

life. But they also stand for the Synagogue and the Church. Leah, tender-eyed, *i.e.* blear-eyed, represents the former, unable to see the Antitype in the type. Rachel, according to the strange etymology of Hildebert, signifies, *that sees the Beginning:* i.e. CHRIST: hence she is called *seeing* Rachel by our poet, and therefore typifies the Church, who sees her LORD in the mysteries of the Old Testament.

[6] Tamar is the Gentile Church:—the garment in which she sat by the wayside, confession of sins; her becoming the mother of twins by Judah, while ignorant who she was, is explained of that text,—"a people whom I have not known shall serve Me."

[7] *Here*, that is, here in the Church, those things really take place, which, in Scripture history are allegorically set forth. The Nile is the world, because it flows through Egypt, the land of darkness. Moses is the natural state of man; the Ark, his vain endeavour to work out a righteousness of his own:—Pharaoh's daughter, the Grace of GOD: which finally makes him by adoption a son of the True King. The three next allusions are perfectly clear.

[8] *Poderis.* So Petrus de Rigâ:

Poderis est vestis quæ terræ continet orbem,
Et caput et corpus præsulis illa tegit.
Sic mens pontificis toti supereminet orbi,
Moribus ac precibus se populumque regens.
Non aliud splendet nisi veste hyacinthus in istâ,
Signans quod totus præsul ad astra volet.
Paulus erat totus indutus podere, dicens:
"Dissolvi cupiens, opto videre Deum."

to the letter of Scripture, were reminded,
took the Church from them,
Himself.

The symbolical interpretation
well given by Hildebert, in verse
a little too outspoken to be trans

Bersabee Lex est; Rex David;
Judæo regi nuda puella plac
Nuda placet Christo Lex non ve
Aufert Judæis hanc, sociatq
Vir non vult intrare domum, nec
Intellectum plebs Israel ingre
Scripta gerit, per scripta perit dec
Sic et Judæus scripta sequend

10 Jam in lecto cum Dilecto
Quiescamus et psallamu
Adsunt enim nunti

S. Melito. M...

Stola Regni laureatus.

A very fine prose of Adam's composition, for the ommon of Apostles:[1]—it was first published by autier. It is now first translated for the new Edi- on of my book.

Laurelled with the stole victorious,
Is the great King's Senate glorious,
Is the Apostolic Choir:
Heart and lips keep well in chorus,
While the pure soul's strains sonorous
To angelic hymns aspire.

These earth's highest decoration,
That shall judge each tongue and nation;
These the rock of newest grace:
Ere the world was, pre-elected,
By the Architect erected
In the Church's highest place.

Night to night, to morni
"Speech and knowled

They, earth's furthest lin
CHRIST'S most easy burd
Propagate the Word o
Earth returns her culture
And in more abundant m
With the GOD-Man's fi

Paranymphs of GOD'S ne
To the New King's dear e
They conduct the Roya
Spotless, blemishless, eter
She, the dread of powers i

These, the temple's sure foundations,
These are they that bind the nations
Into GOD'S great house above:
These the city's pearly portal,
Knitting faith with work immortal,
Jew and Gentile into love.

These are they that evermore
Winnow in the threshing floor,
And from the chaff the wheat divide:
These are they that came to be
Oxen of the brazen sea
That Solomon had edified.

Patriarchs twelve in order meetest:
Twelvefold founts of water sweetest:
Shewbreads of the temple rite:
Gems that deck the priestly vestment;
Thus they gain their true attestment
As the people's chiefs in fight.

Let their prayer preserve from error,
Add to faith, and quench the terror
Of the woe of final doom:
So that, freed from all transgression,
We may enter on possession
Of the happiness to come. Amen.

attributed each to one or —

The following table gives both

S. Peter . . .	I believe in mighty, M earth.
Jeremiah . . .	Thou shalt the LORD.
S. Andrew . .	And in JESU our LORD.
David	Thou art My
S. James the Greater . .	Who was GHOST, be
Isaiah	Behold, a V bear a So
S. John . . .	He suffered was crucif
Daniel . . .	After three Messiah b

Joel . . . . In the valley of Jehoshaphat He shall judge all nations.

S. Bartholomew I believe in the HOLY GHOST.

Haggai . . . My SPIRIT shall be in the midst of you.

S. Matthew . . The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints.

Zephaniah . . This is the rejoicing City that dwelleth without care.

S. Simon . . . The remission of sins.

Malachi . . . When ye hate, forgive,[2] saith the LORD.

S. Jude . . . The resurrection of the body.

Zechariah . . I will raise up thy sons.

S. Matthias . . And the life everlasting. Amen.

Ezekiel . . . When I shall open your sepulchres, and bring you forth from your tombs.

Daniel . . . Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake: some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.

[2] *Cum odio habetis, dimittite.* A flagrantly false translation: the Prophet's real meaning is, "Ye, the Jews, say, When ye hate *a wife, put her away!*"

In hoc Anni

The following Christmas Carol
and has had at least two popula
language. The earliest begins:
keit. I have omitted three stan
repetitions of the others. The n
tion of the words may be found
Carols" published by Mr. Helmor

In the ending of the y
Light and life to man
And the Holy Babe is
By the Virgin Mary
For the Word h

Adam ate the fruit and died:
But the curse that did betide
All his sons is turned aside
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Flesh
By the Virgin Mary.

Noe shut the Ark of old,
When the Flood came, as is told:
Us its doors to-day enfold[1]
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Flesh
By the Virgin Mary.

Every creature of the plain
Owned the guileful serpent's reign:
He this happy day is slain
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Flesh
By the Virgin Mary.

'Twas the Star the Sun that bore,[2]
Which Salvation should restore;
But pollution ne'er the more
Touched the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Flesh
By the Virgin Mary.

For the Word becom
By the Virgin Ma

In a manger is He la
Ox and Ass their wo
Over Him her veil is
By the Virgin Ma
For the Word becom
By the Virgin Mar

And the Heavenly A
Glory in the Highest
And the shepherds o'
With the Virgin M
For the Word becom

Wherefore let our choir to-day
Banish sorrow far away,
Singing and exulting aye
With the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Flesh
By the Virgin Mary.

---

[1] On this same subject the following lines of S. Hildebert, which are a good specimen of his rudeness and epigrammatic terseness, deserve translation.

Two Suns appear to man to-day: one made,
One Maker: one eternal, one to fade.
One the star's King; the King of *their* King, one:
This makes,—that bids him make,—the hours to run.
The Sun shines with the True Sun, ray with ray,
Light with light, Day with Him that makes the day.
Day without night, without seed bears she fruit,
Unwedded Mother, Flower without a root.
She than all greater: He the greatest still:
She filled by Him Whose glories all things fill.
That night is almost day, and yields to none,
Wherein GOD flesh, wherein flesh GOD, put on.
The undone is done again; attuned the jar:
Sun precedes day: the Morn, the morning star.
True Sun, and Very Light, and Very Day:
GOD was that Sun, and GOD its Light and ray.
How bare the Virgin, ask'st thou, GOD and man?
I know not: but I know GOD all things can.

Sol jam recurrens deser
Christusne terris nascit
Qui lucis auget tramite

So S. Peter Chrysologus:—"
lengthen, because CHRIST, th
arisen."

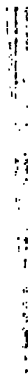
S. Notker, also, or one of his fo
mas sequence:—"This the prese
fies; increased in its length, bec
born on earth, hath with the ray
the darkness."

[1] The poet is imitating S. Ber
Lætabundus.

O Filii et Filiæ.

The eight following hymns, the authors of which are unknown, explain themselves. They may all be referred to about the same date; namely, the thirteenth century. The first has more than once been translated: but it seemed to me that its rude simplicity might perhaps be more successfully caught by another effort. It is scarcely possible for any one, not acquainted with the melody, to imagine the jubilant effect of the triumphant *Alleluia* attached to apparently less important circumstances of the Resurrection: *e.g.*, S. Peter's being outstripped by S. John. It seems to speak of the majesty of that event, the smallest portions of which are worthy to be so chronicled. I have here and there borrowed a line from preceding translations.

ALLELUIA! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Ye sons and daughters of the King
Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,
To-day the grave hath lost its sting!
Alleluia.



Both Mary, as it came t
And Mary Magdalene it
And Mary, wife of Cleop

An Angel clad in white v
That sate and spake unto
"Your LORD is gone to G

When John the Apostle h
He to the tomb with Pete
But in the way outran the

That night the Apostles m
Amidst them came their L
And said. "Peace be unto

No longer Didymus denied:
He saw the Hands, the Feet, the Side;
"Thou art my LORD and GOD," he cried.
Alleluia.

Blessed are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been:
In Life Eternal they shall reign.
Alleluia.

On this most holy Day of days,
Be laud and jubilee and praise:
To GOD both hearts and voices raise:
Alleluia.

And we with Holy Church unite,
As is both meet and just and right,
In glory to the King of Light.
Alleluia.

Surrexit Christus

To-day the Victor o'er I
For human consolation r
Allelu

Who, two days since, thro
To succour miserable m
Alleh

The holy women to the
With gifts of precious o
Alleh

And Christ the Lord th
For our transgressions

"Make speed and tell the Apostles this,
That He is risen—the LORD of bliss!"
Alleluia.
To Peter then the King of Heaven
Appeared, and after to the Eleven.
Alleluia.
In this our Paschal Joy we raise
To CHRIST the LORD our songs of praise.
Alleluia.
To GOD on High all laud give we;
The Ever Blessed TRINITY!
Alleluia!

Jam pulsa cedunt

The cloud of night is past aw
Mary, rejoice, rejoice, to-day !

He That abhorred not thy wo
Hath risen victorious from the

The dart of death is knapped i
At Jesu's feet death's self lies s

In consolation our annoy,
Our sorrow hath his end in joy

Veni, veni, Emmanuel.

This Advent Hymn is little more than a versification of some of the Christmas antiphons commonly called the *O*'s.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear;
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh,
To free us from the enemy;
From Hell's infernal pit to save,
And give us victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, Thou Orient, Who shalt cheer
And comfort by Thine Advent here,

Draw nigh, draw nigh, O I
The Heavenly Gate will op
Make safe the way that lea
And close the path to miser
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanu
Shall be born for thee, O Is

Draw nigh, draw nigh, O L
Who to Thy tribes from Sin
In ancient time didst give t
In cloud and majesty and a
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanue
Shall be born for thee, O Isr

Cœlos ascendit hodie.

)-DAY above the sky He soared, Alleluia.
ıe King of Glory, CHRIST the LORD. Alleluia.

e sitteth on the FATHER'S Hand, Alleluia.
ıd ruleth sky and sea and land. Alleluia.

)w all things have their end foretold, Alleluia.
holy David's song of old: Alleluia.

y LORD is seated with the LORD, Alleluia.
pon the Throne of GOD adored. Alleluia.

this great triumph of our King, Alleluia.
) GOD on high all praise we bring. Alleluia.

) Him all thanks and laud give we, Alleluia.
ıe Ever-Blessed TRINITY. Alleluia.

Ecce tempus est bern

An Easter sequence, published by I
a manuscript of the thirteenth centu
borrows one line from the *Pange Lin*
natus, and seems, in another place, to
S. Victor. The metre is very rare.

SPRING returns with jubilatio
When the Tree of our salvati
Chiefest of the forest nation,
Wrought the work of reparati
Fallen man redeeming.
Through Judæa's rage inferna
From the nut breaks forth the

Jewish people, crucify Him!
Torture, scourge, and mock, and try Him!
In that precious Blood bedye Him:
That our race is ransomed by Him
Oh, how little deeming!
Theme of Israelite rejection,
Now, with joyful recollection,
Christians! hail the Resurrection;
With good deeds and hearts' affection
To the Victor teeming!

---

[1] In Du Méril's copy, three lines precede this. But, as they disturb the metre where they stand, and are presently repeated in other words, I take them to be merely a various reading of the third, fourth, and fifth in the finished poem.

[2] Thus Adam of S. Victor compares our LORD's Humanity to the shell; His Divinity to the kernel.

CHRIST the nut; the skin surrounding
Passion's bitterness expounding,
And the shell His human frame.
But in Flesh lay hid the Eternal
And His Sweetness: and the kernel
Rightly signifies the same.

Adoro Te devote, l

The following hymn of S. Th
Holy Eucharist was never in p
æval Church; but it has been a
devotion, to most Missals. It is
the Angelic Doctor, as if afraid
of words on approaching so tr
has used the very simplest expr

HUMBLY I adore Thee, hidd
Which beneath these figures
me;
Wholly in submission Thee

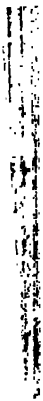
But in both believing and confessing, LORD,
Ask I what the dying thief of Thee implored.

Though Thy Wounds, like Thomas, I behold not now,
Thee my LORD confessing, and my GOD, I bow:
Give me ever stronger faith in Thee above,
Give me ever stronger hope and stronger love.

O most sweet memorial of His death and woe,
Living Bread, Which givest life to man below,
Let my spirit ever eat of Thee and live,
And the blest fruition of Thy sweetness give!

Pelican of Mercy, JESU, LORD and GOD,
Cleanse me, wretched sinner, in Thy Precious Blood:
Blood, whereof one drop for humankind outpoured
Might from all transgression have the world restored.

JESU, Thou, Whom thus veil'd, I must see below,
When shall that be given which I long for so,
That at last beholding Thy uncover'd Face,
Thou wouldst satisfy me with Thy fullest grace?



Pange lingua gl

Of the glorious Body te
O my tongue, its myst
And the Blood, all price
Which for this world'
In a generous womb onc
He shed forth, the Ge

Given for us, for us desce
Of a Virgin to proceed
Man with man in conver
Scattered He the Gosp

Word made Flesh, by Word He maketh
Very Bread His Flesh to be;
Man in wine CHRIST'S Blood partaketh,
And if senses fail to see,
Faith alone the true heart waketh
To behold the Mystery.

Therefore we, before it bending,
This great Sacrament adore:
Types and shadows have their ending
In the new Rite evermore:
Faith, our outward sense amending,
Maketh good defects before.

Honour, laud, and praise addressing
To the FATHER and the SON,
Might ascribe we, virtue, blessing,
And eternal benison:
HOLY GHOST, from Both progressing,
Equal laud to Thee be done! Amen.

This hymn contests the second place among those of the Western Church with the *Vexilla Regis*, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Jesu dulcis Memoria*, the *Ad Regias Agni Dapes*, the *Ad Supernam*, and one or two others, leaving the *Dies Iræ* in its unapproachable glory. K.

Mr. Caswall's, (which last, however, omit
rhymes.) Chiefly where, as in the first
fourth and fifth verses, all seemed to
have ventured another attempt,—possibl
another failure. In the latter, the two
lines, *Præstet fides supplementum Sensu*
are avoided by all. The versions are:
senses dark refining Mysteries to co
"Faith, thine earnest adoration, Passi
touch, present." Mr. Caswall's tran
shackled by rhyme, is nearest; "Faith f
supplying, Where the feeble senses fail."

The great *crux* of the translator is the
I give all the translations. 1. "God t
one word maketh Very Bread His Flesh
whoso that Cup partaketh, Tastes the F
vary: While the carnal mind forsaket
ceives the Mystery." Here the *incarn*
Word, so necessary to the antithesis, is o

made Flesh! The Bread of nature, Thou by word to Flesh dost turn: Wine, to Blood of our Creator: If no sense the work discern, Yet the true heart proves no traitor: Faith unaided all shall learn." Here the antithesis is preserved, though at the expense of the vocative case. And surely S. Thomas, in an exact dogmatical poem, would not have spoken of the Blood of our *Creator*. Mr. Caswall, following up the hint given by the last version, and substituting the apposite pronoun for the vocative, has given, as from his freedom of rhyme might be expected, the best version. "Word made Flesh, the Bread of nature By a word to Flesh He turns: Wine into His Blood He changes: What though sense no change discerns, Only be the heart in earnest, Faith the lesson quickly learns." In both these last translations, however, the panem *verum* of S. Thomas is not given; and Mr. Caswall brings in the worse than unnecessary article—By *a* word.

Since the first edition of my book, *Hymns Ancient and Modern* have produced a translation put together from former ones,—but nearer my own version than to any other. Their fourth verse is their weakest:—

> Word made Flesh, True Bread He maketh
> By His word His Flesh to be:
> Wine His Blood; *which whoso taketh*
> *Must from carnal thoughts be free:*
> Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
> Shows true hearts the Mystery.

It is needless to observe that the Italicised line and a half is not in the original. *Forsaketh*, too, is scarcely English. I have substituted an alteration of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* for my original 5th verse.

Alleluia, dulce carı

The Latin Church, as it is well knc
a general rule, the use of Alleluia ir
Hence, in more than one ritual, its
tion on the Saturday before Septua
way of farewell to its employment. T
enjoined in the German Dioceses by
Aix-la-Chapelle, in 817: but various r
probable that the following hymn is n
than the thirteenth century. The fare
in the Mozarabic rite is so lovely tha
After the *Alleluia Perenne*, the Capitul
—"Alleluia in heaven and in earth; i
in heaven, it is sung in earth. Th

ceasingly sung by Angels, let it here be uttered brokenly by all faithful people. Amen. That it, as it is called the praise of GOD, and as it imitates you in that praise, may cause you to be enrolled as denizens of the eternal mansion. Amen." *The Lauda*:—"Thou shalt go, O Alleluia; Thou shalt have a prosperous journey, O Alleluia. *R.* And again with joy thou shalt return to us, O Alleluia. *V.* For in their hands they shall bear thee up; lest thou hurt thy foot against a stone. *R.* And again with joy thou shalt return to us, O Alleluia." So the French Breviaries, on the second Sunday after Easter, celebrate the return of Alleluia. After the beautiful lesson from S. Augustine, in his exposition of the 110th Psalm—"The days have come for us to sing Alleluia. *Now* these days come only to pass away, and pass away to come again, and typify the Day which does not come and pass away, to which, when we shall have come, clinging to it, we shall not pass away"—they give for the responses:—"*V.* Through the streets of Jerusalem, Alleluia shall be sung. Blessed be the LORD Who hath exalted her. Let His Kingdom be for ever and ever: Alleluia, Alleluia." "*R.* Alleluia: salvation, and glory, and power to our GOD, for true and just are His judgments. Let."

ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy, eternal lay:
Alleluia is the Anthem
Of the choirs in Heavenly day,
Which the Angels sing, abiding
In the House of GOD alway.

Exiles we, by Babel's wa
Sit in bondage and dis

Alleluia we deserve not
Here to chant for evern
Alleluia our transgression
Make us for awhile give
For the holy time is comi
Bidding us our sins dep

Trinity of endless glory,
Hear Thy people as they
Grant us all to keep Thy F
In our Home beyond the
There to Thee our Alleluia

Dies est lætitiæ.

A German carol;—at least it does not seem to have been used in the offices of the Church. It is perhaps scarcely worth mentioning that Luther believed it inspired.

Royal Day that chasest gloom!
Day by gladness speeded!
Thou beheld'st from Mary's womb
How the King proceeded;
Whom, True man, with praise our Choir
Hails, and love, and heart's desire,
Joy and admiration;
Who, True God, enthroned in light,
Passeth wonder, passeth sight,
Passeth cogitation.

On the Virgin as He hung,
God, the world's Creator,
Like a rose from lily sprung,—
Stood astounded nature:

To the King Eternal rest,
Warmth and nurture gi

As the sunbeam through tl
Passeth but not staineth,
Thus the Virgin, as she wa
Virgin still remaineth:
Blessed Mother, in whose
Lay the Light that exiles g
GOD, the LORD of Ages;
Blessed Maid! from whom
Her own Infant, GOD adore
Hunger's pangs assuages.

Nobi partus gaudium.

This sequence, for such it appears, was first published by Du Méril from a MS. of the fourteenth century. The writer was clearly formed in the school of Adam of S. Victor. The metre is very uncommon; and, perhaps, not very pleasing.

Let the faithful raise the lay
To the new-born King to-day:
That the Light of Light would come
From the Virgin's holy womb:
Purging Adam's guilt away,
Shedding joy and scattering gloom.

Long had darkness reigned around:
Light and freedom none were found,
Hope of exit none in ken
For the fallen tribes of men,
Whom the Prince of this world bound
Fast within his doleful den.

There the Priest[1] no aid
Word of hope had none

So the Levite, passing by
On him cast an idle eye:
For the Law, that sin dis
Showed its stain, but gav
Till to succour her drew
Grace, with mightier pow

Prophet's staff was sent t
But the child was ne'er t
Raised to life, until He c
Who had sent afore the s
God and man, whom Ma

to do anything for the salvation of man; while by the Levite, who "came and looked" on the Traveller, the Law was typified:—which indeed showed man his sinfulness, but gave no effectual help.

[2] The allusion is, of course, to the staff of Elisha. Our LORD's taking the form of a child is here considered as symbolised by the Prophet's stretching himself upon the dead son of the Shunammite, and thus, so to speak, taking his form before raising him to life.

O quam glorifi

The following is a German hym early part of the fifteenth century. lished by Mone, in his first volum tained the double rhyme at the c otherwise the general rule is obser the first edition.

O WHAT the blessedness, dwell
Filled with the peace to the wc
As in a mirror the Bridegroom
Fearing no peril nor toil that

This is a joy that costs trouble
Fleeting and broken and

Woe is me! what is existence below?
Trouble on trouble, and blow upon blow!
What is in this world save sorrowful years,
Much tribulation, and plentiful tears?

"Dust of the earth, dost thou wail and repine,
For that, in sundry ways, trial is thine?
Leisure and softness—to these hast thou right?
Draw the sword—grasp the shield—gird thee
for fight!

"As in the furnace the gold must be proved,
So, by affliction, the son that is loved:
For My true followers trouble is stored;
Nor is the servant above his own LORD.

"Hast thou forgotten the tale thou hast read?
I, when on earth, had no place for My head:
This was the Cross all My life long I bare,
When, the world's Maker, I exiled Me there.

"Thou, the more lowly thou humblest thee
here,
All the more perfectly shalt be My peer:
I Who am Highest, True GOD of True GOD,
I was the meanest, when this world I trod.

Now everlastingly ...

"Wouldst thou but ponder t
make,
Willingly, joyfully, pain would
That in My kingdom the joys t
Of the Confessors who suffered

"Nothing more precious th
sight,
If with thyself and thine owr
Bearing all anguish, renounc
And, as a sacrifice, offering t

"Iniquity beareth n

Still let me study like Thee to appear,—
Still let me seek to be crucified here:
That, if my anguish, like Thine, is increased,
I may sit also with Thee at Thy Feast.

Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and *through* Whom, and *in* Whom are all:
Of Whom—the FATHER, and *in* Whom—the SON,
Through Whom—the SPIRIT, with these ever One.

Amen.

Multi sunt Pres

The choice quaintness and deep
original have always made the foll
may be of the end of the fourteen
favourite with me. It was first pu
belonging to the Cathedral of
Serapæum, (I. 107,) but very incor
du Méril printed it from a Frenc
better, but still very incorrect: an
the author's original draught is gi
his revised form. Du Méril has

MANY are the Presbyters
  Lacking information
Why the Cock on each church tow'r
  Meetly finds his station;
Therefore I will now hereof
  Tell the cause and reason,
If ye lend me patient ears
  For a little season.

Cock, he is a marvellous
  Bird of GOD'S creating,
Faithfully the Priestly life
  In his ways relating:
Such a life as he must lead
  Who a parish tendeth,
And his flock from jeopardy
  Evermore defendeth.

From what point the wind his course
  On the tower directeth,
To that point the cock his head
  Manfully objecteth:
Thus the Priest, where'er he sees
  Satan's warfare waging,
Thither doth he turn himself
  For his flock engaging.

Thus he warns us cast away
Evil word and doing,
Thoughts and joys of things
Evermore ensuing.

On his head a royal crown,
Like a king, he beareth;
On his foot a shapely spur,
Like a knight, he weareth
Waxeth golden more and m
As in age he groweth;
And the lion quakes with fe
When by night he crowet

Cock hath soldier's buskins on,
  Strengthening and protecting,
Singularly every fault
  Of his hens correcting:
So the Priest is bound to do,
  Punishing transgression,
Making men in word and deed
  Better by confession.

Cock, he rules a tribe of hens,
  Laws and customs giving,
And hath many cares of heart
  For their way of living:
Even thus parochial cure
  Whoso entertaineth,
Let him learn and let him do
  That which GOD ordaineth.

Cock, he findeth grains of wheat,
  And his hens he calleth,
Giving to the dearer ones
  What to each befalleth:
Midst his people thus the clerk
  Scripture nurture shareth,
And for sick, and poor, and maim'd
  Providently careth.

Thus the Priest doth, un
Due correction giving,
From the LORD who turn
Unto evil living.

From the egg that cock h
Basilisk proceedeth ;[1]
From the negligence of P
Satan's increase speedet
If he teach not men to fea
Punishment infernal,
If he lead not men to look
Up to joys supernal.

When it draws to vesper-t
Cock neglecteth never

Cock at midnight croweth loud,
And in this delighteth;
But, before he crows, his sides
With his wings he smiteth:
So the Priest at midnight, when
Him from rest he raiseth,
Firstly doeth penitence,
After that he praiseth.

Let the present things suffice
Of the cock related,
Only in the hearers' hearts
Let them be located:
This sweet musk, if fully chewed
In its truth and meetness,
Shall abound with more than all
Aromatic sweetness.

Thus the cock hath preached to you;
Hear with duty fervent,
Priests and Levites of the LORD,
Every faithful servant!
That at last it may be said,
"Come to joys supernal:—"
Yea, bestow on all of us,
FATHER, Life Eternal!

cock has sat, exists in Normandy to the present
y.

Omnis fidelis gaud

The following Hymn, from the Me
was appropriated to the Feast of th
SAVIOUR, celebrated on January 15. '
the festivals which, however well suit
plicity of the middle ages, have been, i
nied, wisely allowed to drop from the C
hymn itself, though exceedingly rude, i
of a very sweet simplicity.

LET every faithful heart rejo

To all He showed that gentle Face:
On good and bad alike it shone:
Its perfect loveliness and grace
The LORD of all concealed from none.

O love of CHRIST beyond all love!
O clemency beyond all thought!
O grace all praise of men above,
Whereby such gifts to men are brought!

O Blessed Face, whose praise we sing!
Here in the Way we worship Thee:
That in the Country of our King
Filled with Thy glory we may be!

To GOD on High be glory meet!
Equal to Thee, Eternal SON!
Equal to Thee, Blest PARACLETE,
While never-ending ages run! Amen.

Gloriosi Salvator

A German Hymn on the Festival of
of JESUS. All that can be said of its d
clearly posterior to the *Pange Lingua*
which it imitates. This hymn has b
several hymnals.

To the Name that brings Sa
Honour, worship, laud w
That for many a generation
Hid in GOD'S foreknowled
But to every tongue and nat

'Tis the Name for adoration,
'Tis the Name of victory;
'Tis the Name for meditation
In the vale of misery:
'Tis the Name for veneration
By the Citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preaches
Finds it music in his ear:
'Tis the Name that whoso teaches
Finds more sweet than honey's cheer:
Who its perfect wisdom reaches
Makes his ghostly vision clear.

'Tis the Name by right exalted
Over every other Name:
That when we are sore assaulted
Puts our enemies to shame:
Strength to them that else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

JESU, we Thy Name adoring
Long to see Thee as Thou art:
Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That, hereafter, upward soaring,
We with Angels may have part. Amen.

ıdo per gyrum.

ɜ on the Theban Legion, was first
ction of Sequences from a MS.
ıd I never saw it in any other
l. Mone subsequently edited it
nd Daniel, comparing the two,
rfect copy than either. It was
rst edition of this book.

Day of calm serenity,
  By no twilight followed—
Day when age was changed to youth,
  Death in victory swallowed.
There, Mauritius, spite his name,[2]
  Shines in heavenly whiteness:
Ethiopian Candidus
  Puts on candid brightness:
Exuperius o'er his foes
  There superior standeth;
Victor, vanquished though by death,[3]
  With the victors bandeth;
Innocentius meetly falls,
  Innocence defending:
And Vitalis for his meed
  Hath the life unending.
Six the chiefs that led the war,
  Thousands six they guided;
For the truth they stood in fight,
  Careless what betided:
Though their necks endured the sword,
  They, the gallant-hearted,
From their Head—their Head and ours-
  Never could be parted.
Pray, ye valiant six, that we
  Still may bid defiance,
So we gain the six-stepped[4] Throne,
  To the twice six lions:

[1] The Theban Legion is commemorate
The poet would remind us that the da
they remained in the world, would have
hours of darkness as of light, was char
into the everlasting day of heaven.

[2] The names particularised by the
only six which have come down to u
S. Maurice was the commanding office
a Senator; Candidus, a Campidoctor
officer who gave instruction in milit
Victor, a veteran; Innocent and V
soldiers.

[3] So the legend of S. Victor of Mar

[4] The reference is of course to Solomon's Throne—as the type of that more glorious Throne of the Eternal Solomon :—the lions being the temptations and difficulties which assail us in our progress towards it.

[5] The poet refers to Job v. 19. Daniel also sees a reference to the six curses addressed to the wicked in our LORD's description of the Day of Judgment.

O beata beatorum.

This very elegant sequence is of German origin Its rhymes are irregular in the original, as here. I was inserted in the *Hymnal Noted.*

BLESSED Feasts of Blessed Martyrs!
Saintly days of saintly men!
With affection's recollections
Greet we your return again.

Mighty deeds they wrought, and wonders,
While a frame of flesh they bore:

Blood in slaughter poured like water,
Torments long and heavy chain,
Flame and axe and laceration,
They endured, and conquered pain.

While they pass'd through divers tortures,
Till they sank by death oppress'd,
Earth's rejected were elected
To have portion with the Blest.

By contempt of worldly pleasures,
And by mighty battles done,
They have reached the Land of Angels,
And with them are knit in one.

They are made coheirs of glory,
And they sit with CHRIST on high:
Oh that, as He heard their weeping,
He may also hear our cry;

Till, this weary life completed,
And its many labours past,
He shall grant us to be seated
In our FATHER'S Home at last! Amen.

Aestimabit Hortolanu

The very elegant hymn, *Pange lingu* of English origin, is in the Sarum Br into three, for Vespers, Matins, and La lated it for the *Hymnal Noted*; but i too complex for popular use. The La accidentally kept: the other translatio in the Clewer edition of the Day Hours

As the Gardener, Him addre
Well and rightly she belie
He, the Sower, gave His bles
To the seed her heart rece

She to JESUS, JESUS weepeth,
Of her LORD removed complains;
JESUS in her breast she keepeth;
JESUS seeks, yet still retains:
He That soweth, He That reapeth
All her heart, unknown remains.

Why, kind JESU, why thus hiding,
When Thyself Thou would'st reveal?
Why, in Mary's breast abiding,
From her love Thyself conceal?
Why, True Light, in her residing,
Can she not Its radiance feel?

Oh, how strangely Thou eludest
Souls that on Thee have believ'd!
But eluding, ne'er deludest,
Nor deceiv'st, nor art deceiv'd;
But including, still excludest;
Fully known, yet not perceiv'd.

Laud to Thee and praise for ever,
Life, Hope, Light of every soul!
Through Thy merits may we never
Be inscribed in Death's dark roll,
But with Mary's true endeavour
All our sins, like her, condole! Amen.

Tandem fluctus, tan

This elegant little Advent Hy
earlier than the fifteen

Storm and terror, grief
Comes the Sun to ch
And the morning fast a
All the sky proclaim

Satan, gnashing, sees it flashing
  Through that cloud so pure and white:
Thou endurest ever purest,
  Virgin Mother of the Light.

Darkness scattered, hell gates shattered,
  Victory to the souls draws nigh,
Whom confession of transgression
  Justly had condemned to die.

Earth rejoices: heavenly voices
  Render praise to GOD above;
Now renewing and bedewing
  Every soul with fuller love. Amen.

Attolle paullum

The following hymns are clear
date: certainly not earlier than t
be the beginning of the seventee
intensely subjective character w
proof of this: and their rhyn
Feminine double rhymes, in s
hymns, are reserved for troch
use, as here, in iambics, gives a
irreverence which it is hard tc
standing the wide difference be
diæval hymns, they possess,
beauty: and perhaps will be n
by modern readers.

Look on the Head, with such a Crown
  Of bitter thorns surrounded;
Look on the Blood that trickles down
  The Feet and Hands thus wounded!
    Let that frame thy tears engage,
    Marking how Judæa's rage
  And malice hath abounded.

But though upon Him many a smart
  Its bitterness expendeth,
Yet more,—oh how much more!—His Heart
  Man's thankless spirit rendeth!
    On the Cross, bewailed by none,
    Mark, O man, how Mary's Son
  His life of sorrow endeth.

None ever bare such grief, alas,
  None ever such affliction,
As when Judæa brought to pass
  His bitter crucifixion:
    He, that we might dwell on high,
    Bare the pangs that made Him die
  In oft-renewed infliction.

O therefore Satan's wiles repel,
  And yield not to temptation!
Think on the woes that CHRIST befell
  In working thy salvation!

If thus He bled, that O
The FATHER held so d
Thou wicked servant, fai
O how much more sev
If the green wood k
Shall not every sap
Consume as fuel mere

O mortal! heed these t
O sinner, flee from si
Consider thou the woes
Ne'er ending, still be
Render thanks to
Thus with Him b
Eternal glory winni

Exite, Sion Filiæ.[1]

DAUGHTERS of Sion, see your King!
Go forth, go forth to meet Him!
Your Solomon is hastening
Where that dear flock shall greet Hi
The sceptre and the crown by right
He wears, in robe of purple dight.

Your Solomon, the Prince of Peace,
Bears not His Mother's laurel:
But with the olive bids to cease
The long and bloody quarrel:
JESUS, the SON of GOD Most High,
Offers His peace to them that die.

It glitters fair, His Diadem,
That Thorns are there entwining:

The Royal Sceptre that He
Beneath Whom nature q
No monarch's pride and po
A Reed, it feebly shaketh
For iron sceptre ne'er posse
The power to guide a huma

The Festive Purple of the
Is here no garment statel
A vest, by very slaves abho
—The worm hath tinged
"I am a Worm," of old sai
And what its toils have tin

[1] There is another, but inferior hymn, with the same commencement. The reference, it need hardly be said, is to Canticles iii. 11.

[2] This very, perhaps too, bold metaphor is very seldom employed elsewhere in mediæval poetry. In the Compline Hymn for Whit-Sunday in the Sarum Breviary, among other titles of our LORD, we find

Agnus, Ovis, Vitulus, Serpens, Aries, Leo, *Vermis*.

Huc ad jugum Calvariæ.

A poem of the same character, and probably of th same date as the last. I know it only from Daniel' Hymnology. Vol. II. p. 353.

Up to the Hill of Calvary
With Christ our Lord ascending,
We deem that Cross our victory
'Neath which His knees are bending:—
What soldier is of generous strain?
One honour let him cherish;—
With Christ upon the battle plain
A thousand times to perish!

Doth sickness hover o'er thy head,
In weakness art thou lying?
Behold upon the Cross's bed
Thy sick Physician dying;
No member in the holy frame
That there for thee must languish,
But what thy pride hath clothed with shame,—
But what thy sin, with anguish!

Have wealth and honour spread their wing
And left thee all unfriended?—
See naked on the Cross thy King,—
And thy regrets are ended:
The fox hath where to lay his head,
Her nest receives the sparrow:
Thy Monarch, for His latest bed,
One plank hath, hard and narrow!

Thy good name suffers from the tongue
Of slanderers and oppressors?
JESUS, as on the Cross He hung,
Was reckoned with transgressors!
More than the nails and than the spear
His sacred limbs assailing,
Judæa's children pierced His ear
With blasphemy and railing.

The soldier by the Leader!
CHRIST went with death to grapp
And vanquished him before the
His darts then, let him do his wo
Can win no triumph o'er thee!

And, if thy conscience brands eac
With many a past defilement,
Here, by the fruits of penitence,
Hope thou for reconcilement!
For He, Who bowed His holy H
In death serenely sleeping,
Hath grace on contrite hearts to
And pardon for the weeping!

Triumphe! plaudant maria.

Sing victory, O ye seas and lands!
Ye floods and rivers, clap your hands!
Break forth in joy, angelic bands!
Crown ye the King That midst you stands
To Whom the Heavenly gate expands!
  Bow before His Name Eternal
  Things celestial, things terrestrial,
  And infernal.

Sing victory, Angel guards that wait!
Lift up, lift up the Eternal gate,
And let the King come in with state!
And, as ye meet Him on the way,
The mighty triumph greet, and say,
Hail! Jesu! glorious Prince, to-day!
  Bow before His Name Eternal
  Things celestial, things terrestrial,
  And infernal